MAYFAIR

Vol. 20 No. 12

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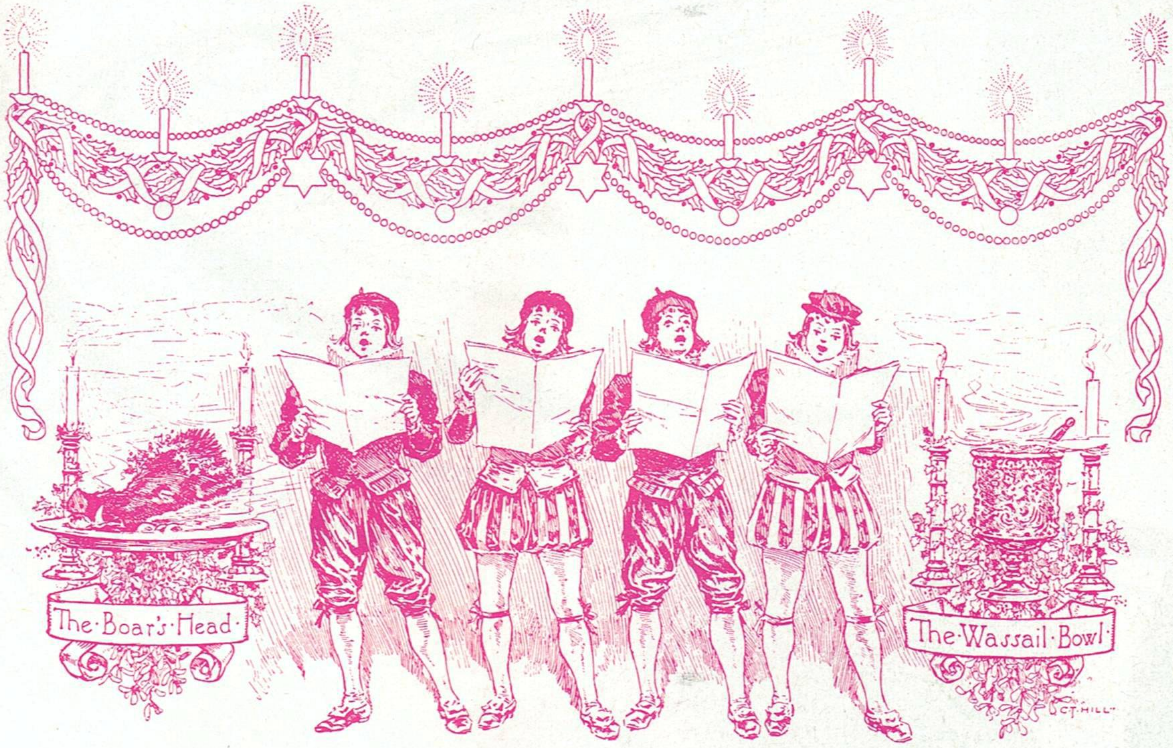
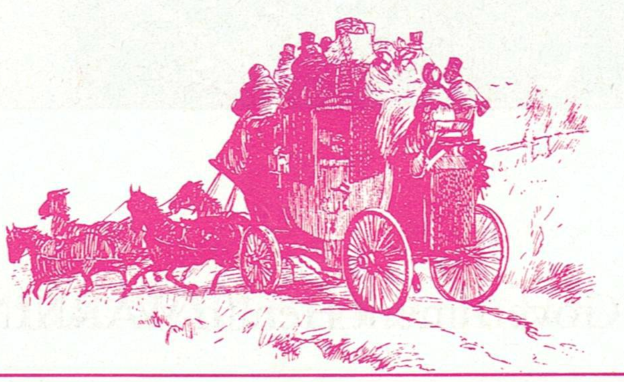


Welcome to our Christmas spectacular, and congratulations on choosing *Mayfair*. Ours is the most successful Christmas issue of all the men's magazines, and we've crammed 200 pages with the very best in male entertainment Mayfair-style which has a hard-earned worldwide reputation for quality. Of course we have our annual Girls of the Year review where we remember 40 beautiful birds from past issues. There are also ten new girl pictorials including Sunbirds and Hollywood's latest starlet. But there is much more than just girls. We look at the fascinating career of the eccentric General Patton, salute Triumph, the classic British sports car, chill you with a seasonal murder mystery, and amuse you with the best of British humour. But this is just a taster, so sit back, read on, and relax with us.



MAYFAIR

INCORPORATING King

Telephone number: 01-242 1593
95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

Vol. 20 No. 12

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Gorgeous Gail

Sporty Triumph TRs

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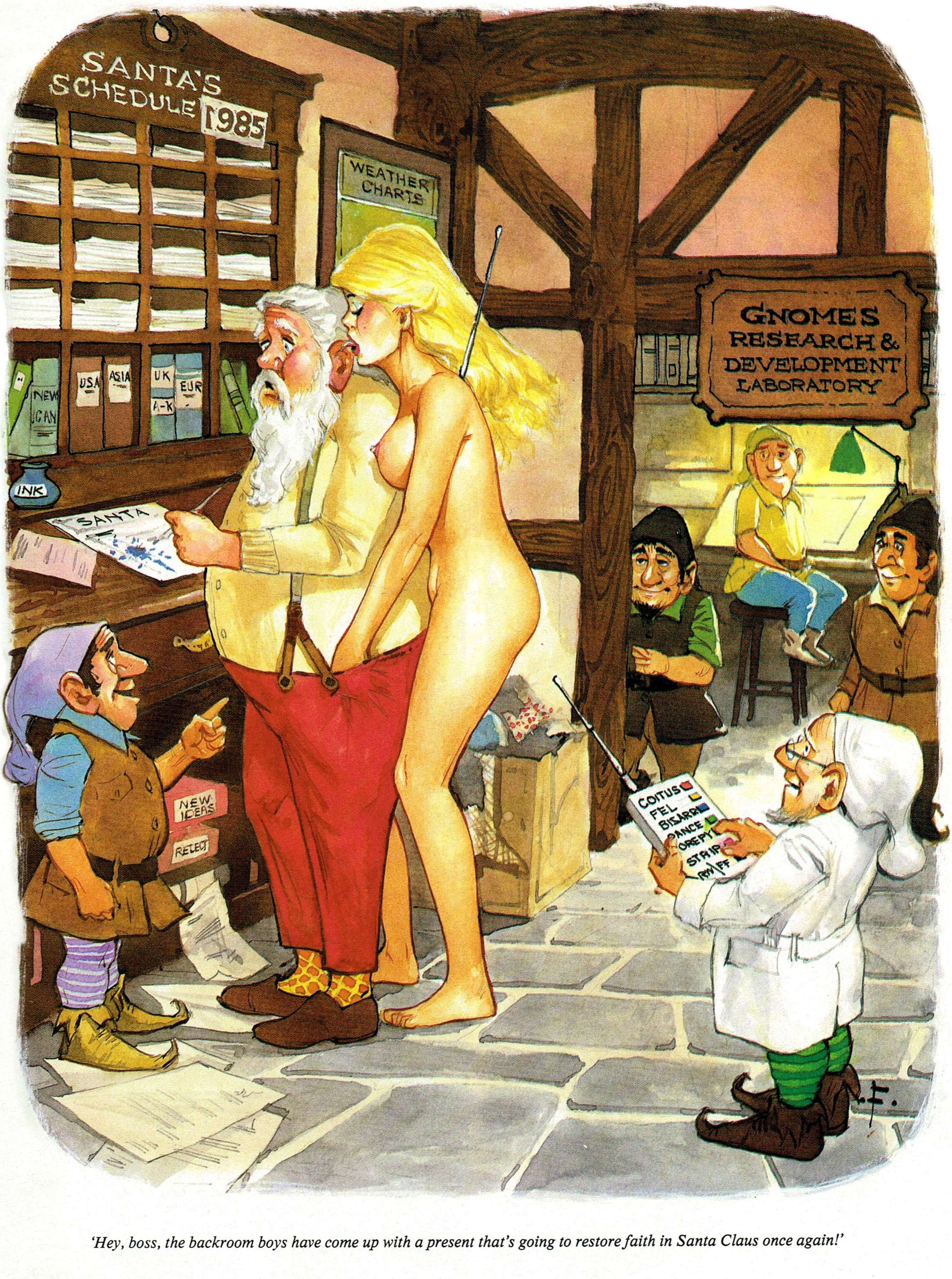
Gorgeous Gail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'Hey, boss, the backroom boys have come up with a present that's going to restore faith in Santa Claus once again!'

LETTERS

You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

I must congratulate you on producing a magazine that is both full of erotic and provocative photographs as well as interesting and educational accounts of some of the lesser known facts of life. The cartoons are amusing, while Quest certainly provides some informative insights into human sexology.

All of these factors contribute, I am sure, to the fact that *Mayfair* is much more popular amongst the soldiers here on the Falklands than many other magazines.

Your models are always attractive, and some of the Girls You've Asked to See are fantastic. One of the girls the lads down here would like to see gracing your pages is the lovable Samantha Fox. We often see tantalising glimpses of her in your lingerie adverts, and it would certainly cheer up a lot of lonely people if we would see her properly in your pages.

Thanks again for producing such a high quality magazine which really does raise the morale of many troops who are away from their families for up to six months at a time.

A B, BFPO 666, Falkland Islands.

For more shots of the sexy Samantha Fox, see our Best of Mayfair No 5 which features her in some of the sexiest poses published in England.

Being American, and faced with countless American men's magazines, I never really noticed *Mayfair* until Vol 20 No 9 caught my eye. The reason was the cover shot of Britain's nudest gymnast, Lynette Gordon. Is this girl ever a dish!

I bought the magazine, and enjoyed it very much, and kept going back to Ms Gordon with the dazzling smile and the sexiest body I have ever seen. All the women look good in *Mayfair*, and I may just give up on American women, and pursue British birds.

I've noticed that *Mayfair* really zeros in on ladies' behinds with countless provocative poses featuring that part of Ms Gordon and the other ladies. I am curious to know if British men are obsessed with ladies' behinds as American men are with big breasts.

J Roberts, North Hollywood, California, USA.

We don't know if it's a general obsession, but there are certainly a few bottom fanciers here at Mayfair.

I would like to say how much my wife and I appreciate the beautiful shots of luscious Lynette Gordon in Vol 20 No 9. Her supple form was an incredible turn-on, and we both found the photos of her exercising particularly erotic. The article also turned out to be something of an inspiration to my wife who is also an ex-amateur gymnast, but at the age of 35 is somewhat out of condition. She has begun to exercise and do weight training, and is already more fit and trim. As a result both our sexual appetites have increased.

It is my honest belief that more British men are starting to appreciate the attractiveness of the athletic female form. I have always been a fan of taut-muscled, lean-bodied women, but there is definitely an increasing interest in the 'new look' female body, specially as men realise that muscular doesn't necessarily correspond to masculine.

Any man who disagrees with me just doesn't know what he's missing. A couple of years ago (before I met my wife) I travelled for a few months along the West Coast of the US, and was lucky enough to be led astray by a gorgeous lady bodybuilder. In 20 years of screwing I can confidently say it was my most ecstatic sexual experience ever. I will admit that I was virtually ravished, but that woman's muscle control was unbelievable. Some of those muscles I didn't know even existed!

So let's have more of these athletic Amazons. Can I suggest lady bodybuilders, ballet dancers, long-legged high jumpers, swimmers, runners, and so on. A female contortionist would be fun, too.

P S, Newcastle

We did have a photo session booked with a lady contortionist, but on the day she phoned to say she couldn't make it as she was all tied up.

I want to thank Lynette Gordon for taking part in the gymnastic photos in Vol 20 No 9. I am sure this is just one of many requests you will receive for a return of Lynette, preferably doing more gym exercises dressed in the sexy outfit displayed on pages 74-75. And the picture of Lynette bending over touching the weights on page 76 in which she presents the most spankable bottom is an absolute masterpiece.

Congratulations must go to the photographer as well for capturing the near naked bottom at its best. I have not been so excited since I saw Hills Angels on the Benny Hill Show warming up in the gym in tight costumes. But Lynette you knocked even those lovelies for six with your photos. Please give us a fresh gym display, and quickly.

P N, Canterbury

No doubt readers have noticed stories in the press about the inadequacy of 'A' Levels when it comes to deciding university places. I am one of the unfortunates suffering under the present system, but the main reason I am bemoaning this is not because I am being deprived of a chance of furthering my education.

It all goes back to January when prospective students visit universities in which they are interested. On my two-hour train journey to one in the Midlands I sat opposite a girl who I later found out was going to the same one as me. After a strained silence for some time we got chatting, although it was apparent she was quite shy. She

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LETTERS

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told me her name was Joanne, and even though she didn't have the archetypal sex-bomb long legs and big knockers type of figure, she was really gorgeous. Her shoulder length blonde hair framed her lovely face which shone with a friendly smile. She had a slim figure and beautiful legs, but best of all was that superb bum, quite small but perfectly rounded.

After we reached our destination we went to the university together, but had to split up. I didn't expect to see her again as she wasn't on the train back to London. To enliven the journey back to Southend I bought a copy of *Mayfair* Vol 20 No 2, but didn't get a chance to read it properly as when I got into the carriage Joanne was there. We started chatting again, but after ten minutes disaster struck, or so I thought. The train stopped suddenly, and the plastic bag containing my university prospectus and also my copy of *Mayfair*, was catapulted from the luggage rack to reveal the delightful charms of Penelope.

Even though we were the only two in the carriage I felt my face do an impersonation of a beetroot. But the blood started to flow to a completely different part of my body when, to my astonishment, Joanne picked it up herself. 'I've never seen one of these before,' she said. I couldn't believe it. 'Do you like her?' Joanne asked, pointing to Penelope. I nodded, speechless. 'I thought men only liked girls with big boobs,' she said. 'Oh, no,' I replied almost automatically before realising what I'd said, and becoming embarrassed again.

I tried to snatch the magazine back. 'Do you like mine, then?' she asked coyly, and blushed slightly as she unclipped her bra, and hitched up her top. I couldn't believe this was happening to me as she had seemed so quiet, and although I am pretty shy myself I wasn't going to let that opportunity pass me by. With trembling hands I lifted up her lacy bra to reveal the most delicate pair of breasts I had ever imagined. They were proud and hard, yet still soft and rounded to perfection. I nervously ran my fingers around her beautiful curves. Her nipples were quite small, but full, and a lovely fleshy pink, becoming erect as I ran my thumbs over them. I leant forward and kissed one, gently fondling the other.

Suddenly Joanne pushed my mouth away, and pulled down her blouse. We were coming into a station. I skulked guiltily in the corner of the carriage until the train started to draw away. But instead of pulling her blouse up again as I had hoped, she lay flat out across the seat we were on, her head in my lap. She giggled as the denim strained in front of her eyes. I rapidly pulled down my jeans to let myself spring out. She giggled again, and then gasped as her cool white hand grasped my friend, and carefully ran her fingers along it as if exploring one for the first time. The sensations were incredible – I had used my hand many times before, but her languid, gentle strokes were numbing my senses.

Joanne looked into my dazed eyes as if seeking courage, then lowered the moist cavern of her mouth over my shaft. I felt a shudder run all the way through my body as her soft, lush lips slowly moved up and down my full length, sucking gently, her tongue leaving moist trails where it went, stifling her low moans of contented concentration and pleasure. I ran my fingers through her silky blonde hair, then grasped for the greater pastures of her delightful derriere, caressing its contours, and squeezing its cheeks with my right hand while my left hand sought out those small supple globes again.

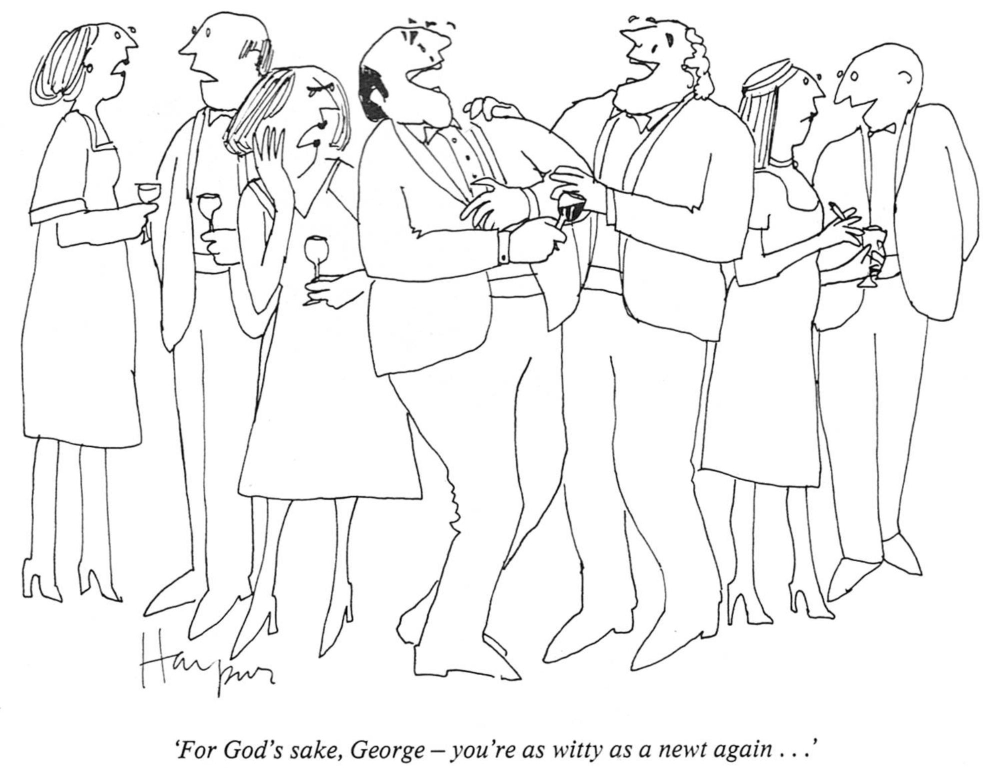
But the sensations engulfing my shaft were becoming intense, and as it began to twitch Joanne removed her lips, and slowly and deliberately passed her tongue over the top of my know, and I came.

The carriage may have been in a mess, but Joanne was already smartening herself up, and in no time at all had the reserved and innocent look that I had found so attractive in the first place. When the train came to the next station she kissed me lightly on the forehead, and said she hoped to see me at university that autumn. With that she stepped off the train, and waved goodbye. I was still in such a state I didn't even notice what station it was.

I suppose this incident is nothing compared to the three-in-a-bed type of stories you are told, but for someone of my total inexperience it was exhilarating. But don't worry, I'll be retaking my 'A' levels, and I'll get to university next year.

(Name and address withheld)

You'll be in for some competition next year. Our whole editorial staff have suddenly signed up for evening classes.



'For God's sake, George – you're as witty as a newt again . . .'

I think the sexiest thing you show in *Mayfair* are the ladies' navels. Can we have more please. I always watch TV to see how many of the women show them, particularly in films. A few weeks ago Lesley Caron wore a very sexy pair of pyjamas which revealed her navel.

I think female navels are beautiful, and a very sexy part of their figure. So, more navels please.

(Name and address withheld)

You sound like the sort of chap who thinks a naval cutter is a tight pair of knickers.

As a young school-leaver, my first job was as an attendant at a ladies' health spa. At the time I knew nothing about ladies' health spas, and I thought a bubbly jacuzzi was a fizzy drink.

At the interview I was seen by a buxom lady of about 45. She wore a tight white coat, and I remember the coat slipping back over her stocking-clad knees as she sat opposite me. There was a strange new stirring in my loins.

'Now Ian,' said the buxom lady, 'have you ever seen a nude lady before?' I replied, 'Not really, Miss, but I did once see my friend's sister dancing in her school knickers in the garden shed.' She smiled, said, 'I see,' and asked, 'What would you think if you saw a large lady's bare bottom on a massage couch?' My reply was, 'Well, Miss, I'd probably think of a

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LETTERS

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sixpenny meringue without the cream stuffing.'

'Yes, that's right,' she said. 'Now, do you know what a hot rub is, Ian?' I said, 'Please Miss, is that what you do after looking at ladies' underwear in the club catalogues?'

Despite my performance at the interview, I got the job, and spent the next 18 months gawking at the nude female form. In fact I put my lifelong obsession with ladies' bottoms down to my time at the health spa. I was designated assistant to an oriental lady masseuse called Yo-Ling. Many of the clientele were concerned about their large buttocks, and it was Yo-Ling's custom to jump up and down on their bottoms in her bare feet. She called it 'walking on the moon'.

In the spa's gymnasium I often saw large nude ladies leaping around on pogo sticks, their breasts whirling around like big choppers. I particularly enjoyed watching the ladies play leapfrog and piggy-in-the-middle.

Eventually I was dismissed from the spa after my broomhandle popped in where it shouldn't.

I Fox, Shoreham-by-Sea

With an imagination like yours, you should be contributing to our fiction department.

Being a reader of *Mayfair* for 18 years, I would like to share with you the ups and downs of being a well-endowed 35-year-old. As a teenager my sex life was zero. Boys and girls would talk about my penis, and I was too embarrassed to go swimming in public. After leaving school I met a girl and married her, but our marriage ended after a year without being consummated.

For the last 12 years I have been a rep working the south-west of the country which involves staying away most nights of the week. Yes, I've had plenty of fun, but when the girls see what I have to offer they usually give me a hand job and say goodnight. The medical profession and magazine advisors all say a woman's vagina is very flexible, and can accommodate the largest penis. What they forget is that erect penises are not flexible, and trying to penetrate girls can often by painful. For years my sexlife had been hand-relief jobs, but recently I met a girl who has changed my life.

I decided one day to spend the weekend in Torquay as I was working in Plymouth on the Monday. I stopped for a break just past Bristol, and as I returned to the M5 I saw a girl hitching a lift. I stopped for her, and she told me she was going to St Ives for a holiday. We chatted, and I told her I was a keen photographer and was taking a weekend break.

We stopped at Exeter for a coffee so I could use the toilet. I came back to the restaurant, and the girl was sitting down with the drinks. I smiled and thanked her, undecided which side to sit. She looked at my crotch, and when I sat opposite her I noticed I had a damp mark on my light grey slacks. It was obvious she had noticed my penis, as she started talking in much warmer tones. She introduced herself as Sue, and asked if she could come to Torquay. I assured her it was OK, and began to notice her for the first time. She had a petite figure covered with a loose blue T-shirt and jeans, and her long brown hair was hanging down over her bra-less boobs. Her almond eyes were staring at me, giving me the come on.

I couldn't believe my luck. To test her response I asked her if she'd ever done any modelling. 'No,' she said, 'do you want to take some photos?' I told her I was going to the nudist beach at Babbacombe, and she agreed to come with me.

As I drove on to Torquay I started to become aroused, and my penis was growing down my leg. Sue could not help but see my embarrassment. We parked the car, and as the walk down to the beach is steep, we held hands most of the way.

On the beach we found a quiet spot, and Sue lifted off her T-shirt, exposing her perfect full breasts, firm with beautiful nipples. I asked what size they were, and she told me they were C or D cup depending on the bra. She slipped off her jeans and pants, and said, 'Come on, strip off, and take some photos.'

I thought if she wants to see my penis there's no point in prolonging it, so I stripped with my back to her.

When I turned with my camera, Sue said, 'You asked me how

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COME ALIVE WITH No. 5

After four you demanded more, so we are proud to announce that *Best of Mayfair No 5* is now available from your local newsagent. It costs just £1.95, and has 196 pages crammed with all the best in girls, features, fiction and our own special brand of humour. PLUS as an added bonus we are featuring Britain's top model and TV star Samantha Fox in some of the most revealing poses ever seen of her, some of which have never been published before. So make a note to get your copy.

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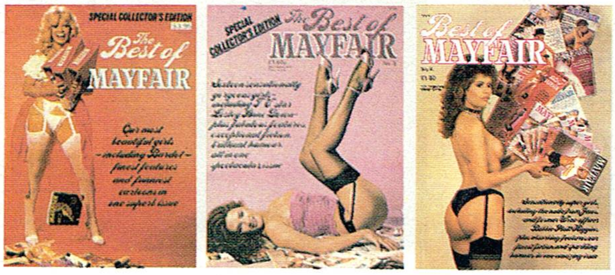

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LETTERS

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big my breasts are, how big is your thing?' I told her 10 inches long by $2\frac{3}{4}$ at the base when it's soft.

After that I took photos while Sue moved in all directions. Then we sat down and talked, and when I told Sue of my lack of sexual intercourse she was sympathetic and warmly understanding. I asked her to join me for dinner, but she said she had no nice clothes, so I took her to the shops and bought a short sun top and white pedal-pusher slacks. We went to my hotel, had a shower together, and dressed to go out.

I went to the bar to wait for Sue, and when she came in she looked beautiful, her hair resting over her boobs, and her bare midriff showing. We dined by candle-light, and I said, 'It's like being on a honeymoon.' She replied, 'Why not?' I held her hand, and gave her a gentle kiss on the cheek while she moved her hand under the table, and stroked my penis.

Back at my room I undressed Sue slowly, kissing her Lips for the first time as she unbuttoned my shirt. My blood was beginning to boil. I undid my belt and zip, and as my slacks dropped to the floor my penis was growing. Sue knelt, and with both hands slowly pulled down my pants.

My penis was now spongy, but still drooping down. She wrapped both hands around it, giving long slow strokes. Soon it was supporting itself, and Sue told me to lay on the bed. She knelt beside me, stroking and admiring it. 'All right,' she said, 'I'll try to give you the honeymoon you didn't get.' She reached into her bag, and took out a jar of Vaseline. I asked her where she got that, and she told me she'd bought it at the chemists after buying her clothes. She opened the jar, and spread it all over my pole. Then I worked some into her. By now we were both worked up. Sue straddled me like a jockey, guiding me into her while she lowered herself to control entry.

For three minutes I thought it was going to end up another hand job. Then with a gentle movement I thrust up as she lowered herself onto me, and I burst into her. She was screaming with pleasure, and we stopped for a moment with just my head inside. I asked her if she was OK, and with her eyes closed but smiling she said, yes. She told me to take my hands away, and started moving up and down, taking more of me into her with each stroke.

It was a real turn on to see my penis entering her, and we started humping like mad. I kept saying to myself, how can a small petite girl be taking all this? But she was! I asked Sue if we could try it doggy fashion, so she lifted herself off me, and I could see the pleasure in her eyes as my gland withdrew. She knelt down, and as I entered her from behind her moans and groans were getting louder. I pushed and pushed until I couldn't hold out any longer. 'I'm coming, I'm coming,' I shouted, 'Stay in,' Sue cried. I can't remember an ejaculation to equal it. Then we rolled over on the bed, and slept.

Sue has now moved in with me, after spending the rest of that week together.

J G, Cardiff

I want to enter the controversy surrounding the shaving off of pubic hair. My present girlfriend has recently shaved her fanny, probably because I've shaved off my pubic hair for a number of years now. We both feel that the soft skin down there is a real turn on. Our sex life has improved no end, and neither of us regrets having shaved.

I wonder how many readers will agree with me that the idea of shaving is really sexually stimulating. Some people will doubtless think that this is sick, but I suggest to them, both men and women, that they try shaving for themselves. Speaking on behalf of my girlfriend and myself, we intend to shave off our pubic hair until we are too old to enjoy sex.

P D, Newcastle

I am 36, and my business partner is 40. He has a daughter who is 18, and a real knockout. Her budding breasts, long blonde hair and innocent ways always turned me on – in a fatherly sort of way. Then I found out that Elizabeth (name changed) was not as sweet and innocent as I'd been led to think.

I was driving along in my brand new car, and as I passed through a nearby town I saw Elizabeth walking along. I

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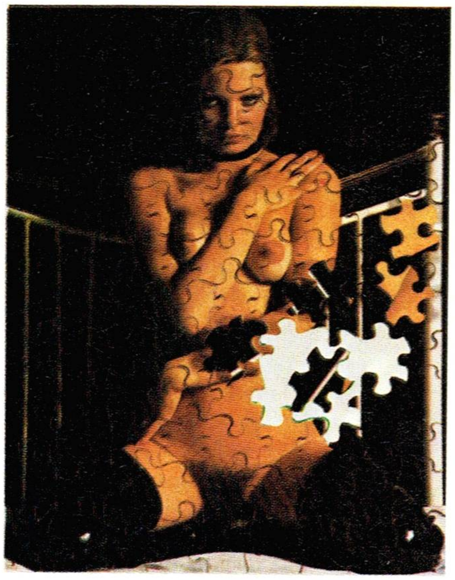
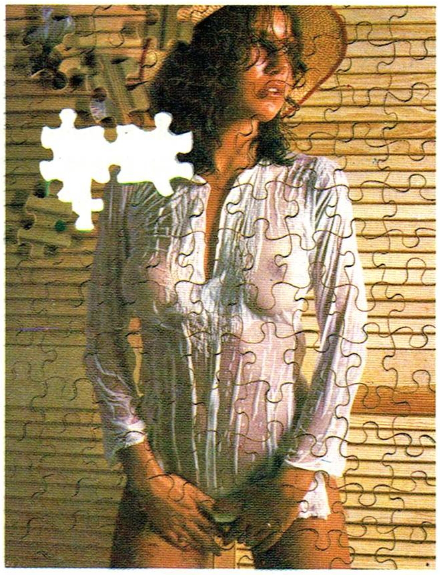
TERRIFIC DOUBLE JIGSAW OFFER



MAKES A GREAT PRESENT



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LETTERS

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pulled up beside her, opened the passenger door with a flourish, and asked, 'Hey, little girl, do you want a ride?' She looked at me, smiled, and hopped in. 'I'm not a little girl any more,' she told me. 'And besides what are you doing away from the business at this time of day?'

'Spring fever,' I answered. We drove towards the country, just chatting and listening to the radio. When we were on the town's outskirts, she pulled a small flask out of her purse. She uncorked it, took a big swig, and offered it to me. I took a few swallows, then pulled the car over, and we took a walk in a nearby wood. It was deserted, and we were having fun. I'd heard that booze makes you horny, and I was beginning to believe it.

Elizabeth's halter and shorts outfit was really getting me turned on, and she could tell. She started making lewd comments, and grabbed for my crotch, teasing me. I led her over to a rock, and we sat down. Without warning I found her snake-like tongue in my mouth, and her hand in my lap caressing my rock-hard member.

I reached behind her neck, and untied her top. It fell away revealing two pert breasts. I bent to take the little-girl-pink nipples in my mouth, and they stiffened immediately. She moaned, and I moved my hands down to cup her crotch. I could feel the wetness seeping through the material of her shorts. She began groaning and grinding her crotch against my hand. After a few minutes of sucking her tits, and squeezing her, she came.

Then she went to work on me. She unzipped me, and pulled out my cock, kneeling between my legs to give me a few exploratory licks. I could tell she hadn't given many, if any, blowjobs. Still, she was good at it, sucking my prick into her little pearl-pink mouth, lightly dancing her tongue around the head and shaft. Her hands lightly held my balls, sending shivers of ecstasy through me every time she squeezed.

Every so often she would suck one testicle, then the other in her hot wet mouth. But she wouldn't let me come. Each time I thought I was going to explode she would stop until I was going crazy from the tension.

I reached down between her legs, and found her pussy still hot and wet. Then I had her lie down, and I gently undid her shorts, pulling them down over her hips. She flirtatiously kicked them off her ankle. She seemed nervous at first, and just as I was ready to ram my cock home, she confessed she was a virgin. But she wanted me to continue, wanted me to be the first.

I was amazed and a little nervous. I rubbed my cockhead up and down her slit, massaging her clit, and making her more turned on than ever before. When she was practically begging for my hard prong in her, I pushed myself into her tight opening. I took her inch by delicious inch. It seemed to take ages before I reached the spot of resistance I knew was her cherry. I thrust deeply, and she cried out with a sound that was part pain, part animal passion. She gripped me in a vice of pleasure. It only took a few minutes of sensational fucking before both of us were experiencing seismic orgasms, with Elizabeth causing her pussy to contract on my cock milking me.

Elizabeth understands we can't be regular lovers, it's just too risky for both of us. But every so often we get together.

(Name and address withheld)

I saw an amusing misprint on the TV page of my local paper. Under 'Grandstand' was the announcement, 'Show Humping from Hickstead'. But perhaps Harvey Smith has devised a new spectator sport?

N Daws, Birmingham

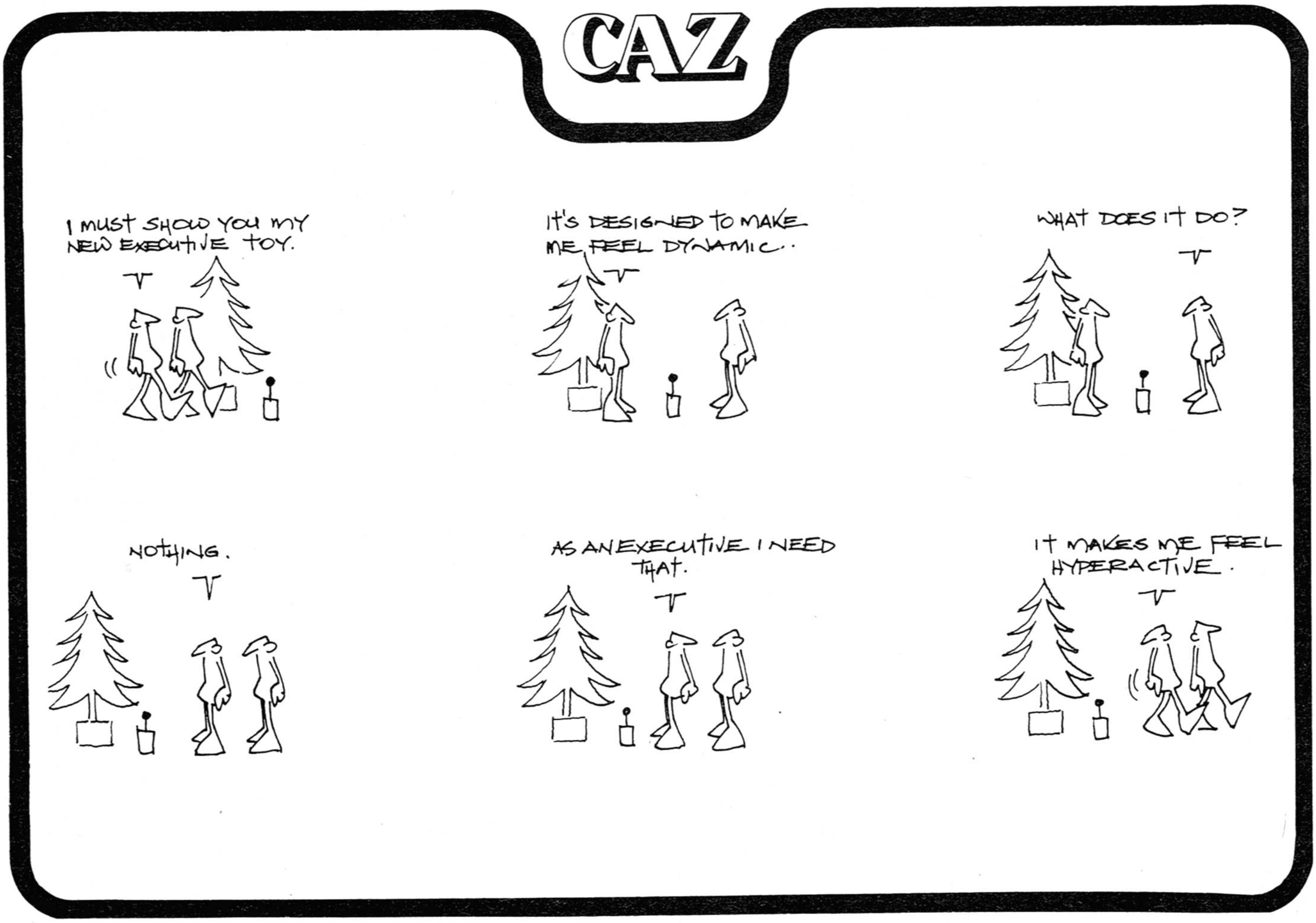
That reminds us of the show jumper who recently divorced his wife after only ten days because she refused at the first jump.

I stopped at Amber (Vol 20 No 8), and my cheeks turned red. In my eyes, the most adorable and sweetest-looking girl ever to grace your pages. Beat that for brevity!

R Owen, Macclesfield

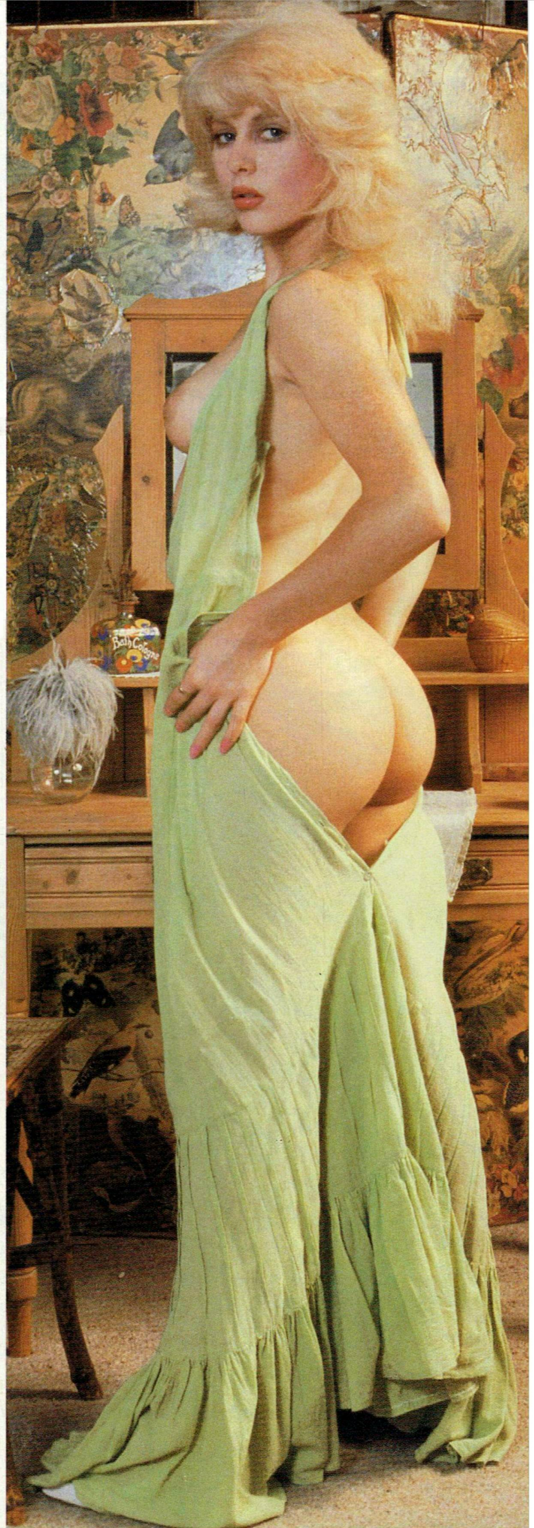
Can't.

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ


CAZ
I MUST SHOW YOU MY NEW EXECUTIVE TOY.
IT'S DESIGNED TO MAKE ME FEEL DYNAMIC..
WHAT DOES IT DO?
NOTHING.
AS AN EXECUTIVE I NEED THAT.
IT MAKES ME FEEL HYPERACTIVE.

Emma

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER



Elegant and poised are the adjectives that spring to mind when confronted with the cool blonde beauty of 23-year-old Emma Daley. But even she admitted to being a little nervous when baring her 36-24-36 figure for her first *Mayfair* photo session. 'After I relaxed, though, I really enjoyed it, and I'm happy to say I'm proud of the results.'

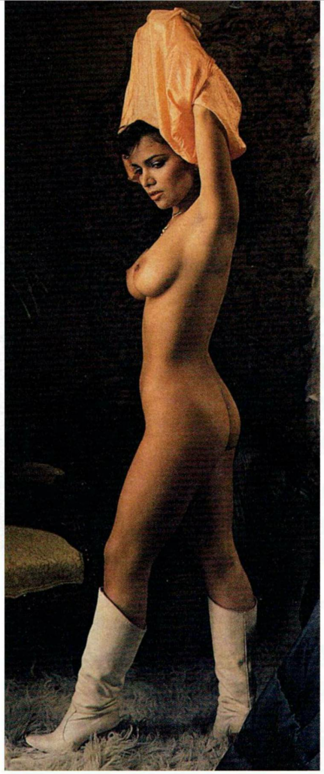
Emma, an account executive with a prestigious public relations company, decided to pose for *Mayfair* as a sort of personal challenge. 'I was having tea at the Ritz with some old boarding school friends when a couple of them complained about being in a rut. I went home thinking about that, and decided that once a year I would do something unusual that I'd never thought of doing before, just to keep myself from getting stale.' These pictures are the result of Emma's resolution, but she wouldn't say what she has in mind for next year. 'I don't even know myself yet, but it will have to be something pretty special to cap this. One of my friends runs a wine bar in Hampstead, just round the corner from my flat. He is a regular *Mayfair* reader, and I would love to see his reaction when he opens it up and finds me.'

Emma has to keep her wits about her at work where she is responsible for liaising with the press, organising various functions, and generally keeping her client accounts in the public eye. 'It's not all gin and tonics and smoked salmon, there's plenty of hard work, too. In fact when my friends go out clubbing until the early hours of the morning, I'm often so tired that I settle for a hot bath, and go to bed with a glass of brandy and the type of corny novel that women always weep over.' A real romantic, Emma admits that the way to her heart is through a dozen red roses and a candle-lit dinner. 'When one old boyfriend first took me out to dinner we went to a place where they have a gypsy violinist. He was playing a beautiful serenade at our table as we gazed fondly into each other's eyes, when his elbow caught the bottle of wine, and knocked it into my escort's lap. To make matters worse, it was an expensive burgundy, and he was wearing a white suit. Of course I had to take him home to help wash out the stain, and wait for his trousers to dry.'

ISABELLE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
STEVEN GUNN

Isabelle Duncan will be enjoying a double celebration this Christmas. Not only will she be joining in with the traditional merriment that the festive season brings, but also celebrating her 21st birthday. 'It's on Christmas Eve,' said Isabelle, 'and I can just imagine the panic 21 years ago. I'm glad I didn't know much about it.' Isabelle also doubts whether she'll know much about it this year. 'Your 21st is the last chance for a ''real'' celebration,' she claimed, 'so, yes, the champagne will be flowing pretty freely.' Last year's party wasn't exactly quiet either. 'I wound up being thrown in the garden pond in full evening dress,' she recalled. 'Not that I was dressed for long.'



So residents of the villages surrounding Sherborne in Dorset had better prepare themselves for a noisy Christmas night. Isabelle has lived in a large house, owned by her parents, just outside the town for two years now, and is, she says, just getting it the way she wants it. If you visit, the first thing you'll notice is that it is far from being brightly lit. 'I think it's much more romantic having pools of light, don't you? You may not be able to do *petit point* embroidery, but there are a lot of more interesting things you can do.' If proof of that is required, then the neighbours will probably confirm all the different, and often expensive, cars that park outside the door. 'I have noticed the curtains twitching.'

'I don't like having this big old house to myself,' Isabelle claimed, 'so I share it whenever possible. Since Mummy and Daddy went to France, I've had to fend for myself.' She's still a novice in the kitchen, though, and won't be attempting Christmas dinner. 'If there are any readers who'd like to come and cook it for me,' she said invitingly, 'then they are welcome to my birthday party. Bring a bottle of Moet, and expect to end up in the pond. I want revenge.'

Forty years ago this month, WW2's most dashing general died after a minor car crash. He was aristocratic but crude, a bully but fearless, and so fantastically self-opinionated that he dismissed the energetic Monty as a 'tired little fart'

PATTON:

THE COWBOY GENERAL

By Gerald Rawling

It was August 10, 1943, somewhere in Sicily when the command car braked to a halt outside the US 93rd Evacuation Hospital. As the cloud of dust drifted away the General stepped down, and stood for a moment surveying the row of tents which constituted the casualty clearing station close behind the lines. He was an imposing figure as he stood with his highly polished boots planted in the Sicilian dust, slapping them with the riding switch he carried. His helmet was burnished to the point where it might have been chromium plated, and the three stars adorning it were silver brilliant. The rest of his attire was equally immaculate – a freshly pressed woollen shirt covered by a spotless tunic, and separated from elegant riding breeches by a shining leather belt with

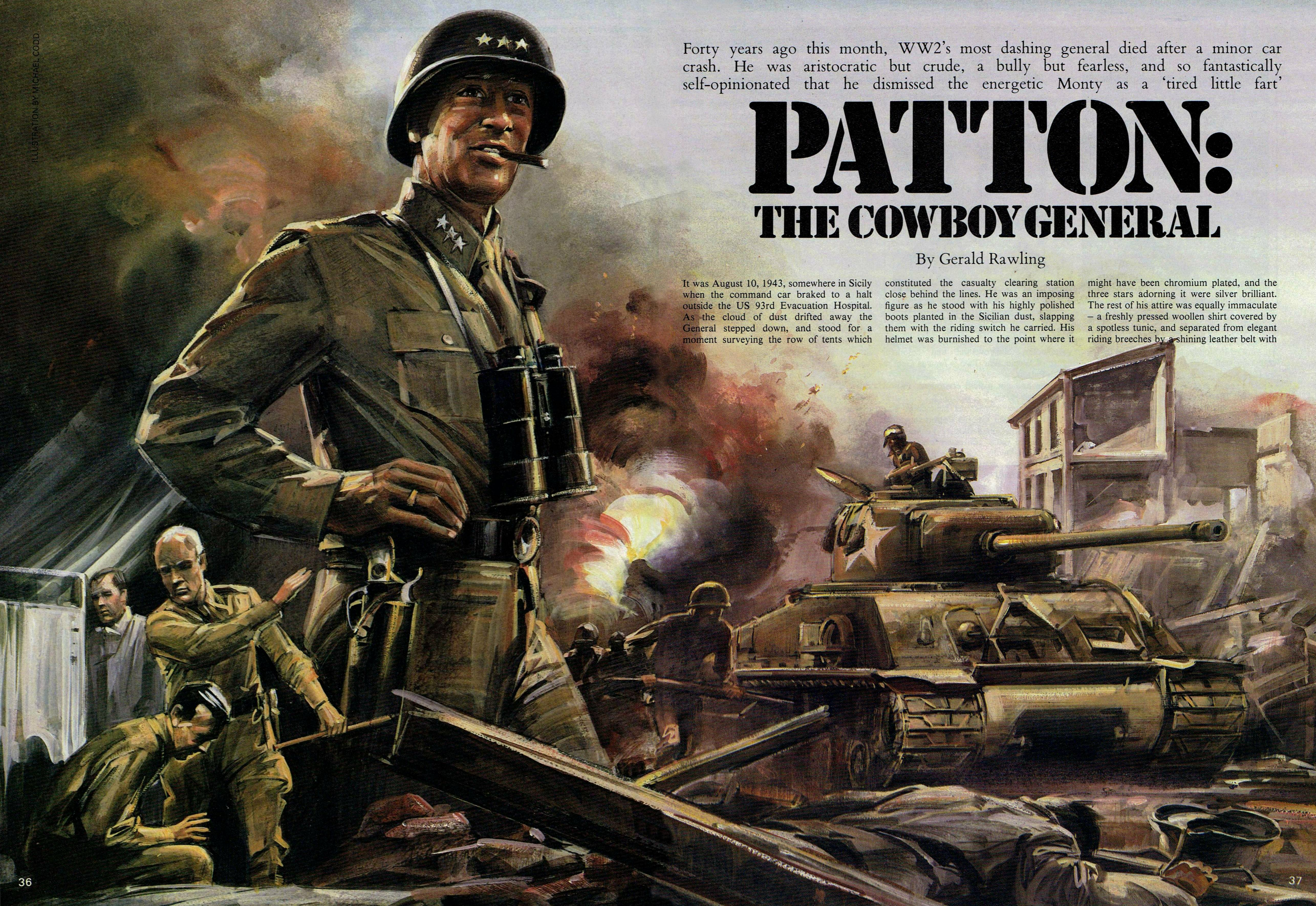


ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL CODD.

Patton (left), and the private, Charles Kuhl, he hit in the famous field hospital incident.

a goldplated buckle at his midriff. Dangling from his belt on the right side was an ivory-handled Colt .45 Peacemaker.

He walked in slowly, and was greeted by the reception staff – all surgeons, and attended by their nurses, many of whom also carried officer rank – and he began to talk to the wounded. There were about 20 casualties in the tent, and he spoke to each of the wounded men, comforting them, and congratulating them on what they had achieved.

The General came to one soldier who was suffering from a high fever, and passed him without interest or comment. It was then that an apparently uninjured patient came to his attention. He was a 26 year old private from Mishawaka, Indiana, who was sitting huddled in a corner, shivering with fright. In answer to a brusque question from the General, he sobbed: 'It's my nerves.'

'What did you say?' bellowed the General.

'It's my nerves,' he replied, 'I can't stand the shelling anymore.'

There was a brief pause, and then the General started shouting. 'Your nerves, Hell,' he said, 'you're just a Goddamn coward, you yellow son of a bitch.' With that he gave the soldier a stinging back hander across the face, saying, 'Shut up that Goddamn crying. I won't have these brave men here who have been shot seeing a yellow bastard sitting here crying.' Then he hit the man again, knocking off his helmet liner while a nurse collapsed weeping, and had to be led away.

By this time a crowd of nurses and patients had gathered from other tents, attracted by the noise, to witness the General in a transport of rage. He turned to the receiving officer, and yelled: 'Don't you admit this yellow bastard, there's nothing the matter with him. I won't have the hospitals cluttered up with these sons of bitches who haven't got the guts to fight.'

He then turned back to the quivering patient who was doing his best to 'sit to attention', and harangued him with the words: 'You're going back to the front lines, and you may get shot and killed. If you don't I'll stand you up against a wall, and have a firing squad shoot you on purpose.' He reflected for a moment, and then reached for the ivory handled Colt: 'I ought to shoot you myself you Goddamn whimpering coward.'

The General was perhaps the most spectacular, controversial and colourful figure of World War Two – he was George Smith Patton.

Once he had got a field command, Patton was always 'news' because of his eccentric and sometimes outrageous behaviour. For most of his career George Patton straddled the fine line which separates genius from paranoia: he once addressed his staff in North Africa saying: 'Gentlemen, tomorrow we attack. If we are not victorious, let no one come back alive.' His staff reeled back in amazement – this was 18th Century talk. But gradually they came to believe that he actually meant what he said.

His troops, hating him at first for his iron discipline, christened him 'Old Blood 'n' Guts' – our blood, his guts, as they cynically put it – but later when he took them into action, they revised their opinion, and followed him into action as a dog follows its master. Patton led from the front like few other generals of his time, and in so doing commanded the respect, loyalty and confidence of his troops.

All that said, he was still a pain in the arse to his superiors for whom he posed constant problems by virtue of his continuing indiscretions, of which the slapping incident was probably the most infamous. 'Georgie is a bum,' said one of his closest friends, Major-General Everett Hughes, 'but he's a good army commander.' And General Eisenhower, his immediate superior, could only swallow his anger and say, 'George, you talk too much,' knowing that he was going to need a General with Patton's undoubted talents for battles to come.

Patton was born into a wealthy family at the Lake Virginia Ranch in California on November 11, 1885. He became richer by marriage to a New England heiress, Beatrice Ayers in 1910. She was, apart from being rich, a Boston Brahmin with plenty of contacts on the social register, and it is hardly surprising that envious fellow officers christened them the 'Duke and Duchess' as they solemnly dressed for dinner each evening, drove around in their very up-to-date motor car, sailed to Honolulu in their own yacht, and ran their own stable of horses. George even learned to fly – a rare accomplishment in those days.

He had struggled his way through West Point, making impact only as a sportsman, but in that area he was superb, and he entered, at his own expenses, the Stockholm Olympic Games in 1912 in the modern pentathlon. He didn't win a medal but he did come fifth. He graduated into the cavalry, and his first taste of action came in 1916 when as a Second Lieutenant he managed to get himself on the staff of General 'Black Jack' Pershing, and became involved in the US Army's attempts to bring the Mexican bandit, revolutionary and nationalist, Pancho Villa, to justice.

Even in those days, Patton was wearing low slung pistols, cowboy style, and in a manner worthy of a Sam Peckinpah screenplay he cornered three bandits in a hacienda while out on patrol. The bandits grabbed their horses, and made a run for it. Patton stood up, drew his guns, and killed two bandits and one horse with a suitable economy of fire for an Olympic pistol shot. He tied the two bodies to the fenders of his car in the manner of the hunter bringing home the kill, and drive them back to HQ. When one of the bodies turned out to be that of Julio Cardenas, Villa's lieutenant, Pershing was suitably impressed.

Impressing Pershing was to prove a fortunate move, for the General was the outstanding soldier of his generation, and led the American Expeditionary Force to France in 1918. Patton went with him initially as an ADC but kept pushing for a combat role, and ended up as a colonel in the newly formed Tanks Corps. He only went into action once near Varennes in the Argonne. His tanks went forward well, and breached the German lines but the supporting infantry were nowhere to be seen in the battle confusion, and Patton dismounted, rounded up some troops from other units, and attempted to lead them against the German machine guns. Shouting, 'Follow me,' he had finally only five men behind him, including his own orderly, Sergeant Angelo, when one of the entrenched machine guns opened fire. Three of them were killed, one wounded, and then Patton was smitten literally hip and thigh, and collapsed into a shell hole where Angelo staunched the flow of blood, and applied field dressings.

For this performance he was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross. It is fairly typical of the man that he only received it because he thought he deserved it, and spent a considerable amount of time and energy lobbying GHQ personnel in general, and Pershing in particular, since his immediate superior, Brigadier-General Rockenbach, found him an exceedingly difficult subordinate to control, and blocked the award, remarking acidly that he had got his colonelcy, and should be content with that.

Between the wars was a boring time for Patton who longed only for some kind of cavalry action where he could emulate someone like Cardigan leading the Light

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A meeting in Normandy between Patton (left), General Bradley, commander of the 12th US Army group, and Montgomery (right). The face of the officer behind has been disguised for security.

Patton: the cowboy general

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Brigade, and end up dead on the field of battle. His wealthy 'aristocratic' background, his autocratic – and at times completely 'unAmerican' – behaviour earned him enemies, or at best critics, at every level in the military hierarchy. His troops hated him because he was a martinet of unheard proportions; his superiors hated him because he flouted their orders, bending them to suit his own ends, and his peers were envious of him for his rather pretentious wealth and extravagant life style.

But George Patton had his own military philosophy – his feeling towards his troops, and his feeling towards battle. His troops and their welfare were throughout his career a prime concern, but he had a pragmatic view: 'All human beings have an innate resistance to obedience. Discipline removes this resistance, and by constant repetition makes obedience habitual and unconscious.' Thus the men grumbled about the 'old martinet' but without realising it, became disciplined. His attitude to battle was equally simple. Attack, attack, attack! His favourite military quote (and he knew his military history well) was from Frederick the Great: 'L'audace, l'audace, toujours l'audace,' and he was to show plenty of that when the time came.

He loved the idea of battle in a way which was truly not of this century. He worshipped an heroic battlefield performance. In the film *Patton : Lust for Glory* where he was portrayed with stunning authority by George C Scott there is a presumably apocryphal sequence with the General bending over to kiss the face of a dying tank commander who has broken through enemy resistance to take his objective.

Apocryphal or not, it catches absolutely the feel of the man. Once in the summer of 1944 his aide, Colonel Codman, related how they were driving down a road in France, and passed through an area where Germans had been caught unprepared by Allied fighter bombers. The wreckage and corpses had been bulldozed aside, and bodies were stacked 'like cordwood' awaiting burial. 'Just look at that, Codman,' he shouted. 'Could anything be more magnificent? God how I love it.' It was such an ebullient philosophy which saw George Patton through World War Two.

Physically, Patton was a big fellow, well-proportioned and aggressively fit. He was also autocratic, flamboyant and excessively profane and vulgar. Only a strangely high-pitched and squeaky voice detracted from the macho image he otherwise projected. Above all, he was a showman. 'One must be an actor,' he once wrote to his wife, Beatrice, and no intelligent person who worked with him could say otherwise.

On stage, as it were, speaking to the bit players who were his soldiers, he could come out with expressions like: 'Battle is the most magnificent competition in which a human being can indulge. It brings out all that is best; it removes all that is base.'

He had a personal arrogance of monumental proportions, and was racist to a frightening degree, hating Poles, Jews, Arabs, Italians – practically every nation he came into contact with. Above all he hated the British – until he met the Russians. Strangely, the only European race he seemed to have time for were the Germans whom he spent so much of his time trying to kill. And he despised his fellow Generals, considering himself better than any of them. Eisenhower was a flunky, toadying to the British – 'he vacillates and is not a realist,' snorted Patton into his diary. 'Ike is acting a part, and knows he is damned near a Benedict Arnold . . . The British have got him completely fooled . . . He is nothing but a Popinjay – a stuffed doll.'

Montgomery, whom he initially respected, fell out of favour when he began competing with Patton as a prima donna in the news headlines. 'A tired little fart,' he then decided. Alexander, his first C-in-C, fared no better, a distant rather aristocratic figure, he thought, and somebody who took little notice of Patton's own highly intelligent tactical arguments. 'He has an exceptionally small head,' he sneered, 'that may account for things.'

Mark Clark and Omar Bradley who were his peers, he envied because they might get ahead of him (and they did). 'I wish something would happen to Clark,' he confided to his diary. As for Bradley, 'the tent maker' as he called him, he was 'a man of great mediocrity.' There was only one General that Patton respected, the US Chief of Staff, the four star General George C Marshall. This was not surprising for if there was an *eminence grise* in the US Army, Marshall was it. He was considered far too important to be Supreme Commander in Europe, and President Roosevelt himself was in awe of him, asking through an intermediary whether he might address his Commanding General as 'George'. He received the austere reply: 'It would be utterly out of character for me.'

The writer Constantine Fitzgibbon, at that time a British staff officer with Bradley's 12th Army Group HQ, relates how Eisenhower brought Marshall down to meet the field Generals – Bradley and his two army commanders, Hodges and Patton.

Informality was normally the scene – 'Ike' and 'Brad', 'Courtney' (Hodges) and 'George' – but Marshall was 'Sir' to all of them, and when Ike finally asked: 'Have you any questions, Sir?' Marshall turned on Patton, and asked him where his nearest railhead was for supply. (At the time Patton's Armoured Divisions were streaking across France on an average of 20-30 miles a day).

Patton, his high-pitched voice more squeaky than usual, pointed at the large scale map, and said: 'Gee, Sir, it's somewhere about here, Sir,' and pointed vaguely. Marshall was unimpressed: 'General Patton, do you or do you not know where your main railhead is?' To quote Fitzgibbon who was present, Patton, 'as crestfallen as a housemaid caught with a valuable but now broken teapot in her hand, by a strict mistress', answered: 'No, Sir I don't.' Marshall's reply was that of a headmaster chiding an errant prefect: 'General Patton, you are commanding an American army overseas. I expect American army commanders to know the location of their main railhead. You may sit down.' Certainly cowed and possibly even frightened, Patton sat down.

Patton began WW2 as a two star Major General in North Africa, taking command of the US II Corps, which had just taken a sound drubbing from Rommel's Afrika Corps at the Kasserine Pass. Following a major defeat, and suffering from previously inept leadership, II Corps were in a low state of morale when they were struck with what seemed like a tornado in the person of George Patton. A stickler for discipline, proper dress and close order drill, he hounded everybody from Brigadier-General down to buck private, and within weeks had smartened them up to the point where everyone wore ties and leggings, and kept their steel helmets on, buckled under the chin. Patton frequently went out on his own, and if

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Patton: the cowboy general

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he found offenders he would fine them on the spot $25 ($50 for officers) unless they wanted a court martial to show on their records. The men hated him, of course, but his methods worked. 'When you hit their pocket-books,' he said, 'you get a quick response.'

The response was to put up a good performance in the attack on the Mareth Line where II Corps acted as a buffer while Montgomery's seasoned 8th Army finally drove the Afrika Corps out of North Africa. It was not a great victory for the Americans but II Corps acquitted itself well, and Patton could write proudly: 'Not a single American soldier had given any ground.' Before the engagement was over Eisenhower appeared and told Patton that he was to hand over II Corps to his second-in-command, Omar Bradley. Patton had been awarded a third star, and, now a Lieutenant-General, was to command the US Seventh Army in 'Operation Husky' – the invasion of Sicily.

Once again, Patton found to his disgust that his Seventh Army was assigned a subsidiary role, protecting the flank of Montgomery's Eighth Army which was aimed at the ultimate goal – the port of Messina, the jumping off spot for an invasion of the Italian mainland. Alexander, quite understandably, was giving the prime role to experienced troops of Eighth Army, and still had doubts about the comparatively raw American troops. Montgomery ran into the toughest opposition around the natural obstacle of the extinct volcano, Mt Etna, while Patton was romping around in the central and western parts, against slight resistance, taking Palermo and Marsala in his stride, then turning eastward along the northern coast towards Messina.

There he began to find the kind of resistance that Montgomery was encountering but all the same sneaked in to Messina a little ahead of Eighth Army to get the kind of press cuttings that all American generals were longing for. And then, just when things were looking fat and sassy for George S Patton, he fouled everything up with the 'slapping incidents'.

There were two, one of which has been recounted. Initially, everyone tried to hush it up. The first to hear of it was Bradley, then a Corps commander and Patton's junior; he decided to keep mum. Then it got to the ears of Alexander, who decided it was an internal American problem, and no business of his. Finally, it reached Eisenhower who also decided to lock the report in his safe, and take no action. In the end it was a journalist who broke the news. A radio broadcaster, Drew Pearson, a very influential media man of the day, broke the whole story, and nearly finished Patton's career in the process. Certainly he was removed of command of Seventh Army after being instructed to apologise personally to the two soldiers he had slapped, and to the staff of the two Evacuation Hospitals where the incidents occurred. The strangest thing is that Patton, a career cavalryman, could not really comprehend what he had done, what any fresh Second Lieutenant out of West Point knew; that you do not strike a soldier; especially a sick soldier; and especially when he is in hospital.

General Patton sulked in his tent in the agricultural hinterland of Sicily while General Jacob Devers, another man he despised, took over the role that he might have filled – to head 'Operation Anvil', the invasion of Southern France. But before 'Anvil' there was to be 'Overlord', the invasion of Normandy, and to his vast satisfaction Patton was summoned back to the UK along with a steady stream of combatants of all ranks who were vacating the Mediterranean area to join in the massive build up for the Second Front.

Once again Patton was to have an initially secondary role. He found that his erstwhile deputy, Omar Bradley, was to lead the American side of the assault while he was quartered in a draughty old mansion, Peover Hall, near Knutsford in Cheshire, waiting for his new command, the US Third Army, to arrive from America. Although it seems likely that Patton never knew it at the time, he was being used as part of an elaborate and highly successful deception plan to convince the Germans that, even after the Normandy invasion, the landings there were merely a feint to draw off enemy divisions from the Pas de Calais area where the real thrust would come later across the shortest distance between the two countries.

Patton, as a brilliant tactical commander, was now known to German Intelligence in the same way that Rommel was known to the British, and there were certainly references in German Intelligence memoranda to a totally nonexistent 'Armeegruppe Patton', building up in eastern Kent.

While training his Third Army for its role in France, Patton twice became involved in scandalous episodes. The first one involved atrocities committed in Sicily when two officers captured 43 German soldiers, lined them up against a wall, and murdered them with machine guns. In their defence they maintained that their General had ordered them to kill prisoners. Knowing Patton's bloodthirsty sentiments in off-the-cuff pre-invasion speeches, one may assume that he said something like, 'We are out to kill the sons of bitches,' but it is hardly realistic to consider that any soldiers, let alone officers, really thought that this could be construed as orders, and it seems likely that the culprits were clutching at any straw to save themselves.

The other case is really quite funny. Asked by the Knutsford WVS to open a 'Welcome Club' for American officers, he launched off into an ad-lib speech before the assembled ladies. He managed to avoid four letter words but still got the authentic 'Blood 'n' Guts' flavour. 'The only welcoming I've been doing,' he started, 'is welcoming Germans and Italians into hell. I've done quite a lot in that direction, and I've got about 177,000 of them so far.' He finished up by lying heroically (because he despised English women) when he said: 'The sooner our soldiers write home, and say how truly lovely the English ladies are, the more jealous the American dames will become, and thus force the war to a successful conclusion.' He ended on a truly Pattonian note: 'Then I can have a chance to go and kill the Japanese.' He sat down to prolonged applause.

There was just one small blunder in the middle which the journalists present seized upon. While agreeing with Bernard Shaw – Patton was extremely well read – that England and America were separated by a common language, he said: 'The idea of these clubs could not be better, because it is undoubtedly our destiny to rule the world, we British, American and, of course, Russian people.' The last words about the Russians were added *sotto voce*, and either unheard or deliberately ignored by American correspondents, although British pressmen reported them faithfully.

The result was a further media storm with Patton once more in the doghouse, a situation which he rode out with contemptuous indifference. All the same it was a bad time for him, and it was lucky that his old friend and West Point classmate, Everett Hughes, was now around and providing Patton with a shoulder to cry on.

Hughes was also a confidant of Eisenhower who took him onto his staff with a kind of roving commission as his 'eyes and ears'. As a result Hughes could always find time to go off and see Georgie, talking and drinking into 'the weesome hours', and fortunately for posterity, Hughes was a tireless, copious and

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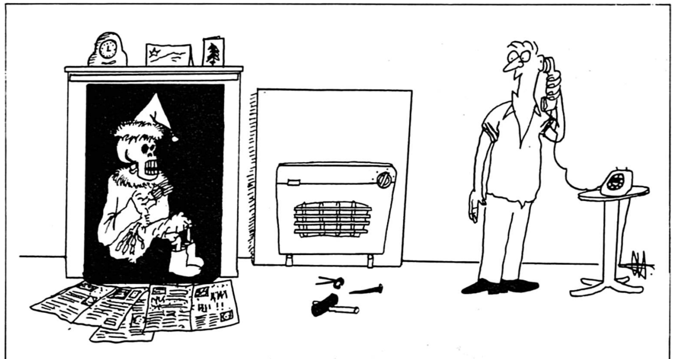

'Get me the police!'

Patton: the cowboy general

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invariably amusing diarist. The diaries were never published but the writer, David Irving, had access to them, and many quotations appear in his *The War Between the Generals* (Allen Lane, London, 1981). As a result one gets a witty account from a close chum of Patton's progress in the climactic years of his career.

It was Hughes who noted at this stage that Patton had a nasty infection on his upper lip, at which Georgie quipped back: 'After all the ass kissing I have to do, no wonder I have a sore lip.' And he fell for Hughes' girlfriend, a WAC on his (Hughes') staff, chivalrously cloaked with just the initials JP in the diaries, but not presumably exempt from Hughes' less than chivalrous definition of a WAC in general: 'A double-breasted GI with a built in foxhole.'

There is plenty of inference that the two Generals shared JP's favours – and also that both of them were terrified their wives would find out. Not that General Patton needed any help from General Hughes when it came to marking up a score with the opposite sex. His niece, Jean Gordon, a beautiful girl, just about as old as his own daughter, came over to Europe from Boston as a 'Red Cross doughnut girl', and found frequent opportunities to be with her Uncle George.

Patton used her as a hostess at his luncheon and dinner parties at Claridges or the Ritz; they jabbered together in fluent french to the amazement of their guests, and to the puzzlement of Everett Hughes who wondered about the relationship. Eventually it was made clear to him by George on his way to Mass one Sunday morning when he said in a tone, more boastful than repentent, 'She's been mine for 12 years.'

Hughes also gleefully noted that later when Patton took a well-deserved leave in London from the Continent, he took nine condoms with him, and reported on arrival back at his HQ that he had scored four times in three days. Patton went on to say that a busy man in his line of work was obliged to pass up some obvious opportunities, but was clearly proud to report the number he *hadn't* passed up. He knew the exact total: 171!

Patton's new Third Army arrived in Normandy just one month after D-Day on July 6, 1944. It was nearly a month before they were activated but when they were, Patton saw his big chance, and seized it. With Montgomery's two armies stalled in front of Caen, but drawing off the élite Panzer divisions, Bradley's two armies were offered the chance of a break out. Hodges' First Army smashed its way through Avranches onto the Brittany Peninsula, and Patton followed through with his four Corps commanders fanning out right the way round from due west, through south to due east.

Unlike the Normandy *bocage* country, these areas were open farmlands, flat, level and ideally suited to the deployment of armour. Always a gambler, but most times a lucky one, Patton sent his armoured divisions surging off in all three directions, bypassing strongpoints of resistance which he considered could be mopped up later, and exposing his flanks and lines of communication in quite reckless fashion. Time and again Divisional commanders protested: 'But my flanks, General?' Patton told them not to worry: 'If anything develops – and it won't – our tactical Air will know before you do, and will clobber it.' Then a manly clap on the shoulder: 'Get going now. Let the enemy worry about his flanks. I'll see you up there in a couple of days.'

And he *was* lucky, for German resistance was all concentrated against Montgomery around Caen where the enemy most feared a breakthrough, and Patton's armour was freewheeling through Brittany, and, more important, charging eastwards deep into the centre of France against minimal resistance.

His VIII Corps took Le Mans on August 8, and suddenly there was a chance of encircling two entire German armies, and sealing them in a pocket where they could be annihilated at leisure. Montgomery's two armies, Dempsey's British Second and Crerar's Canadian First, had finally blasted their way through Caen, and were pushing ahead to seal off the pocket from the north, and join up with the Americans moving up from the south. Patton, drunk on the heady wine of rapid advance, got to Argentan, the agreed meeting place, first, and pleaded with Bradley to allow him to push ahead and seal the gap. 'Let me go on to Falaise,' he said, 'and we'll drive the British back into the sea for another Dunkirk!' (a remark which must have endeared him further to the two top British Generals, Brooke and Montgomery, both of whom had got out of France that way in 1940). But eventually the Falaise pocket was closed with German resistance in France crumbling.

Allied armour raced up through northern France towards the Low Countries with Patton out on the eastern flank pushing deep into Lorraine, and heading for the nearest German objective, the Saar.

It was around this time when he adopted what he called the 'Rock Soup' method of tactical exploitation. The expression is best explained by Patton himself in parable form. A tramp knocked up a farmer's wife, and asked for some boiling water to make a rock soup. She was intrigued, and gave him water in a pot and he placed two stones in it. While it was heating up he asked for a few vegetables to add a little flavour, and when it was bubbling merrily he asked for some meat, ending up with a nourishing stew. In other words, when Patton wished to go his own way in defiance of orders, he would pretend he wanted to make a reconnaissance while in fact mounting a full scale attack, then reporting that his recce needed reinforcements, and finally getting reluctant official blessing for the manoeuvre he had planned from the outset.

This ploy was used several times, and on at least one occasion, Bradley tacitly agreed to support him, saying that he would not be available at his HQ if Eisenhower or Montgomery called up to find out what was going on. But for all these shenanigans, Patton's Third Army was finally stalled in front of the sizeable objective of Metz because they had run out of fuel. 'My men can eat their belts,' he snarled over the phone to Bradley, 'but my tanks have gotta have gas.' The back-up system, still taking delivery through the Normandy beach head, was no longer capable of supplying four armies, each of whom required one million gallons of petrol a day as a prime requisite.

Angry arguments followed between all the Generals about who should have priority for supply, with a harrassed Eisenhower trying to keep the peace while the most vehement of his subordinates – Montgomery and Patton – vied with each other in advancing theories why *they* should get the allocation necessary to make a thrust towards the Ruhr (Monty) or the Saar (Georgie). In the end Montgomery won out with approval for his uncharacteristically daring 'Operation Market Garden', the Arnhem affair. 'To hell with Monty,' snorted Patton into his diary, 'I must get so involved in my own operations that no one can stop me.' A good example of vintage rock soup.

It was while he was still in a vile temper, trying to find underhand ways and means of taking Metz, that Hitler intervened with his

turn to page 188

'Now, before we take off, does anybody have to go potties?'

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Do you have trouble keeping your *Mayfairs* together? Can't find a particular issue containing a favourite piece of fiction, joke, feature or memorable *Mayfair* maid? The problem is solved, courtesy of the *Mayfair* binder, guaranteed to take a full 12 issues, including the bumper Christmas issue. Covered in elegant dark green PVC with a golden *Mayfair* logo on the spine, it makes a distinguished addition to any study bookshelf. Its exclusive binding system makes insertion quicker and easier than ever before. And each binder costs only £6.00, inclusive of P&P.

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Patton: the cowboy general

continued from page 182

astonishing Ardennes offensive which caught everyone on the hop.

Montgomery was on a golf course, Eisenhower was drinking champagne at the wedding of one of his staff, and Bradley and Hodges were being tape-measured by a Belgian gunsmith for personal hand-built shotguns. And Patton, still in a foul mood, was prowling around the HQ of a divisional commander he was not particularly fond of. Tripping over the recumbent figure of a GI, he heard the man say: 'Dammit you blockhead! Can't you see I'm trying to sleep?' There was a moment of stunned silence as Patton digested the remark, and the terrified GI realised to whom he had addressed it. Then Patton shouted: 'Well, you're the first silly son of a bitch around this place that knows what he's trying to do!'

But the Battle of the Bulge was to prove a major triumph for George Patton in the sense of the US Cavalry coming to the rescue, while Omar Bradley was in the doghouse for allowing the situation to arise, and Eisenhower as Supreme Commander having to share in the blame. Addressing a SHAEF (Supreme Headquarters Allied Expeditionary Force) conference at Verdun, Patton calmly informed the gathering that he would have three divisions on the move northwards within 24 hours to cut across the neck of the Bulge, and relieve St Vith and Bastogne where surrounded American troops were holding out.

This was a bold claim since changing direction of attack through 90 degrees for the best part of an entire army was no small undertaking. A worried Eisenhower asked whether the remaining elements of Third Army could hold von Rundstedt in the south. '*Hold* von Rundstedt?' Patton replied cheerfully, 'I'll take von Rundstedt, and shove him up Montgomery's ass!'

It was no steamrolling walkover, but Patton finally got through to Bastogne, partly with the help of vastly improved weather conditions which he had arranged by personal intercession with the Almighty. (He *ordered* his senior chaplain to pray for better weather so that he could get tactical air support, and it worked).

With the failure of Hitler's Ardennes offensive, all Allied armies concentrated on reaching and crossing the last great natural barrier, the Rhine. Bradley summoned Hodges and Patton to his HQ, and had just finished making his dispositions for the immediate future when a British SHAEF officer came on the phone requesting certain divisions to be withdrawn to help out on another sector. For once the mild mannered Bradley lost his temper. 'We would be giving up a sure thing for a side show,' he shouted, and then, in a proper tantrum, said that if SHAEF wanted to wreck his operations they could do so, and be damned. Patton, standing beside him, said in his most carrying voice: 'Tell them to go to hell, and all three of us will resign. I will lead the procession.' Bradley, now thoroughly worked up, carried on at length. 'I trust you do not think I am angry,' he concluded, 'but I want to impress on you that I am *goddam well incensed*!' As he slammed the phone down Patton and all the others gave him a standing ovation.

Squabbles like this notwithstanding, all Allied armies reached the Rhine in March 1945, and Montgomery planned a big set piece crossing on the 23rd, after a massive softening-up programme of artillery and air bombardment. But just as at Messina, Patton preempted him, capturing for himself all the limelight by 'rock-souping' a division across on the 22nd in a quiet sector. Next morning he phoned Bradley who choked over his breakfast coffee when he heard the squeaky voice saying: 'Brad. For God's sake tell the world we're across. I want the world to know Third Army made it before Monty starts across.' Next day when Montgomery made his much publicised crossing further north, Patton had himself paddled over, pausing only to urinate in the great stream with the pleased comment: 'I have been looking forward to this for a long time.'

After that it was mopping up to the end of the war although there was still plenty of hard fighting. Patton finally got his fourth star (well after his rivals, Bradley and Clark), and conceived a dislike for the Russians he met, even more powerful than his Anglophobia; he was enormously pleased when he drank one Russian General under the table, and walked away from the scene.

The end for him came ironically enough in a minor car accident on the way back from a day's shooting in the country near Mannheim. The impact of the collision threw him forward, and the uninjured driver and the other passenger, Patton's Chief of Staff, found that he was paralysed. On examination at hospital he was found to have a broken neck – 'condition critical, prognosis guarded', as the doctors said. He might have survived, paralysed from the third vertebrae down – and one wonders how George Patton would have put up with that kind of existence – but pulmonary embolisms set in, and he died of heart failure on December 21, 1945.

Back in New York his beloved niece and girlfriend, Jean Gordon, told a fellow Red Cross worker: 'I think it is better this way for Uncle Georgie. There is no place for him any more.' But there was no place for her either. She committed suicide two weeks later.

Patton's faults have been dwelt on at length. His principal virtue was that he was a brilliant tactical leader with immense daring and panache who materialised on stage at precisely the right time, and in exactly the right place: one cannot help thinking about him in theatrical terms. There would be no room for a swash-buckling cavalry general of his type after World War Two, and, even in that conflict, he thought, not in strategic terms about the whole of the Allied effort, but only in terms of his own beloved Army and – to be quite honest – his own beloved self. But looked at from any angle, George Patton was a very considerable man who left an indelible mark on the history of World War Two. It is fitting to close on one of his own favourite quotations from *Pilgrim's Progress*. 'So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.' Surely some kind of Valhalla would have welcomed him?

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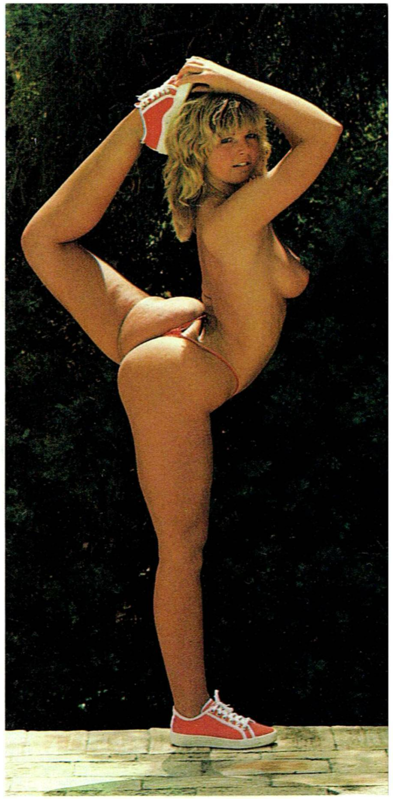
Curtain call for our Girls of the Year

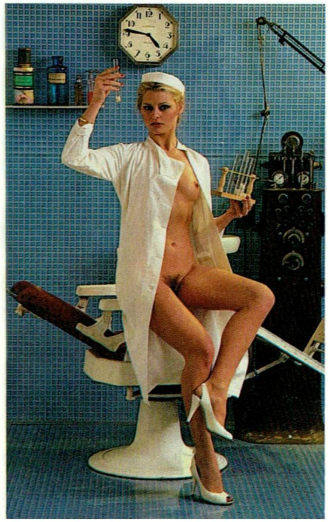
Settle back and enjoy again our forty favourite ladies in our annual 21-page salute to the finest female forms. And what a great year it was. Corinne Russell, the Scott sisters, Linda Lusardi, Nike Clarke, Lindy Benson and many more graced our pages

It's time for our annual treat as we take a second look at our most gorgeous girls of the year. And if Jeanette Dyrkaer on the previous page looks a million dollars to you, you'd be right. That was her prize when she became *Penthouse* Pet of the Year. However we beat them to it by revealing her in Vol 19 No 9. On the right is another girl who's appeared more than once. It's huggable Joanne Latham from Vol 19 No 12. Near right: Corinne Russell filled an interesting position in Vol 19 No 1, as did the bottom (bottom) of TV star Nikki Critcher. Below is Helena Blake, the parachutist who dropped into Vol 19 No 10.



There is a family likeness between the two girls, far right. That's because they are the Scott sisters, Vicki and Lisa from Vol 19 No 11. Bottom, is Vol 19 No 1's Swiss miss, Olivia Bass, whose absence made our hearts grow fondue. Fortunately Katherine Turner (right) is from nearer home – Yorkshire in fact, and you can find her in Vol 19 No 4. And then comes Shirley Hagan (below), who's the pride of Vol 19 No 10.

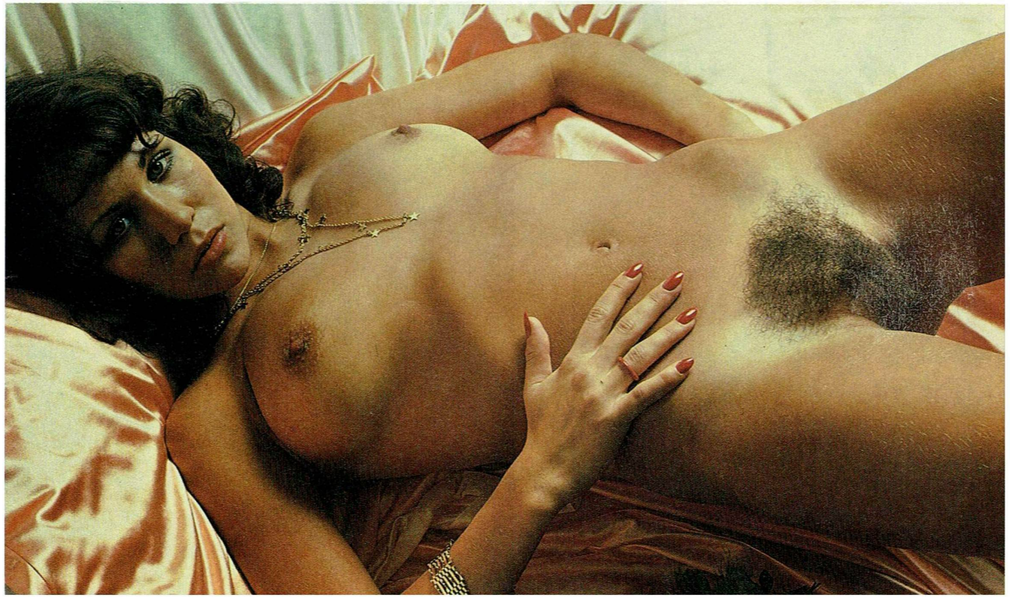
Vol 19 No 1 gave 'Lady C' a chance to daydream. Would the gamekeeper prove game? He did, and so did she, so we reproduce a picture from their album, left. Below is a shot from another of our popular fantasy sets, this time some private treatment at the dentist's. Whilst under the gas, our patient was dreaming of cavities of a quite different kind. Then came a painless extraction – the dentist from her clothes, photographed for Vol 19 No 12. Talking of sensitive probes, Julia Cooper 'could have someone's eye out' according to BM of Guildford. Her pert nipples were roundly praised after their unveiling in Vol 19 No 6, and the rest of her 34-22-34 figure as well.



The phrase 'farmer's daughter' conjures up an image of a buxom blonde romping in a hayloft. And that's exactly how we photographed Elizabeth Vaughan, seen again right, in Vol 19 No 8. And why not? Her family owns a farm in Somerset, and Elizabeth has the accent to prove it. She used to complain that the farmer's hands were all over her, till he sacked them. Working for a building society may not sound as romantic but it has its interest, especially if you are at the same branch as Geraldine McCormack, below. Her lovely lingerie in Vol 19 No 2 had many hearts beating at a higher rate, especially since it seemed to offer instant access. The rear, appropriately bottom left, belongs to Amanda Lesley who's a veterinarian's assistant. We showed all her features great and small last Christmas. Whilst left is Nike Clarke who's been seen on our covers on several occasions, but we uncovered her further in Vol 19 No 9. One reader, wrote of her, 'She has the best pair I've ever seen, pale, bright, tantalising.' And they were just her eyes.

A shining example of a pretty teenager is Louise Freeman, right. She left her Guildford home on a world tour just prior to her set appearing in Vol 19 No 7. If you're out there, Louise, send us a card. Below is Lindy Benson, friend of Omar Sharif, Robert Mitchum, and a former President of the Seychelles. She made even more friends amongst our readers after being seen in Vol 19 No 5. Kathleen Berry's famous friends are on the screen in the cinema where she works. Bottom left is a still from her major role in Vol 19 No 11. Above her is a star of *The Star*, *Mirror*, and *The Sun*. Carol Needham has often adorned *Page Three*. In *Mayfair* she occupied the centre pages of Vol 19 No 4.

One of our greatest Danes is 38-inch Nina Larssen (far right). She was just a teenager when she appeared in Vol 19 No 3, and working as an office messenger for a telephone company in Copenhagen. She also plays for a ladies football team. No jokes about scoring, please, gentlemen. One month later Judy Farlow appeared both on the cover and inside Vol 19 No 4. Her passion for teddies, dolls and puppets – some of which join her in the picture on the right – was nearly as great as reader CW of Purley's for her. What he'd like to do with her on the purple satin sheets is not for teddy's ears. Linda Lusardi (bottom picture) was once voted *Page Three* Girl of the Year, and they were only judging her top half. She revealed far more in Vol 19 No 2. She's appeared with Kenny Everett – in the best possible taste, of course. Pictured below is Susanna Lancaster who's a travelling *visagiste*. For the less knowledgeable that means she is a beauty expert. In Vol 19 No 11, she told us that she knows men almost everywhere she goes. Oh Susanna!



[redacted]

Below: Rosemary Richards helicoptered into Vol 19 No 2 for a spot of ski-ing. After that it was downhill all the way as she relaxed on the bed. Elizabeth Jackson (bottom left) is a travel courier, but we caught up with her in the same issue as Rosemary when she was passing through Denmark. Jackie St Clair is the lady top left, but readers might know her as Major 'Hotsie' Hanrahan, the name we gave her in our spoof, *F*L*A*S*H*, in Vol 19 No 3. Near right is another favourite Helle Kjaer from Vol 19 No 10. Whilst George Best's girlfriend Angie Lyn (far right) shot into Vol 19 No 8.

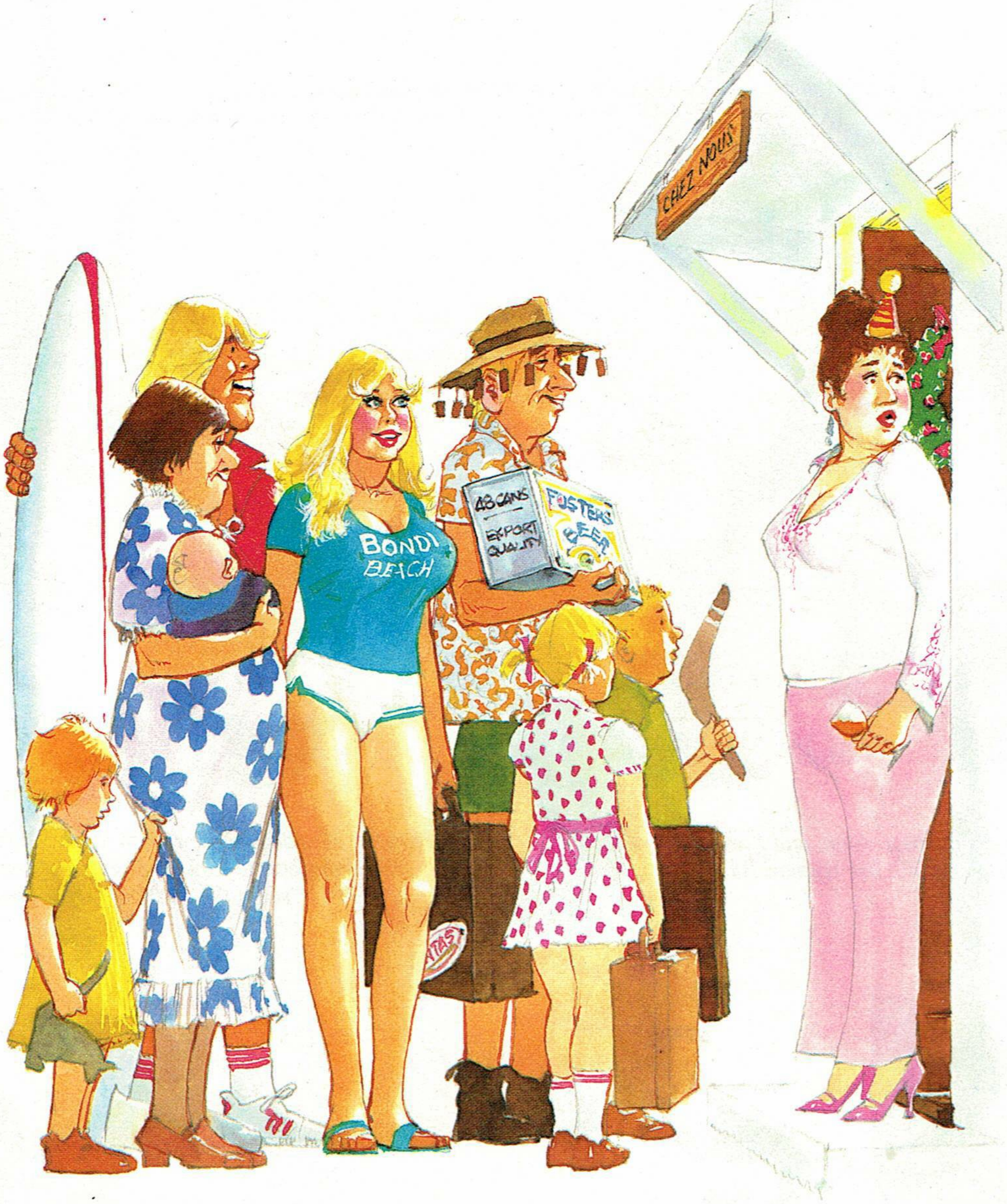
A memorable top and bottom. On the right is Jasmin, the blushing bride whose wedding pictures adorned Vol 19 No 5. And what a warm reception they got from all of you. It's hard to forget the figure on the left either. It belongs to Veronica Waters whose 38-inch boobs made last Christmas's Vol 19 No 12 even cheerier. Readers as far apart as New Zealand and Old Windsor wrote in to ask us for more, so here she is. Meanwhile below are two pictures of Nurse Andrea Blackman. Her medical ministrations in Vol 19 No 4 raised pulses, making her an instant ward winner. And the uniform is no costume. She works in a nursing home, delivering kissograms part-time.

[redacted]

The teenage charms of schoolgirl Jean Rutledge (top left and right) had readers writing hundreds of lines in praise of her after she'd stripped in Vol 19 No 5. So now's the time for a spot of revision. Patricia Hayes (below) had a more mature appeal. Her 38-24-36 figure can be spotted in Vol 19 No 1 or at any of the smarter London night clubs, and there is some good news for the shy amongst you. She believes in chatting men up! Heavenly Helen Masters (bottom left) has appeared in *Mayfair* more than most girls. She modelled our lingerie for some months, and proved so popular, she merited a set of her own. And in Vol 19 No 6 we were only too happy to oblige.

[redacted]

Now here's some good news and some bad news. The bad news is that this is the final spread of this year's review. The good news is that we have saved some of the best for last. Elaine Goodman (far right) looks quite a handful, you must admit. For the statistically minded, she's 40-26-36, and ample proof that you can't have too much of a good thing. Nineteen-year-old Elaine comes from Bristol (you guessed?), and graced Vol 19 No 3. A girl built along Brunelian lines. Lucinda Anderson (right) is a horse rider, but admits to a cavalier attitude when she's behind the wheel. Readers of Vol 19 No 10 made a mental note to appreciate her from the kerb. Below her is Vol 19 No 12's Elizabeth Lloyd whose cheeky appearance followed her knock-out role as a boxer in our *Olympic Dames* set in Vol 19 No 8. Finally, the fortieth girl of the year, slim Georgina Simpson, pictured below. Long, raven-haired Georgina was in our last Christmas issue, and make a note now to get hold of our next, when we review again the Girls of the Year.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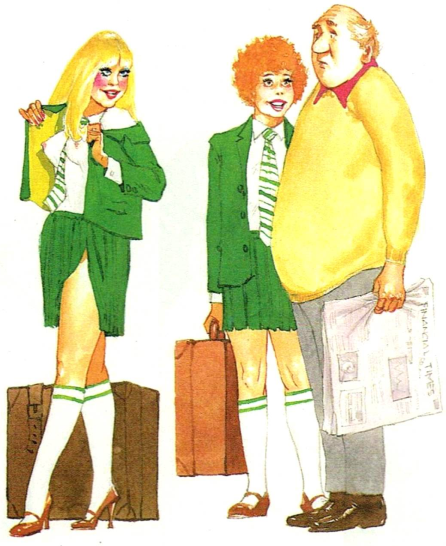
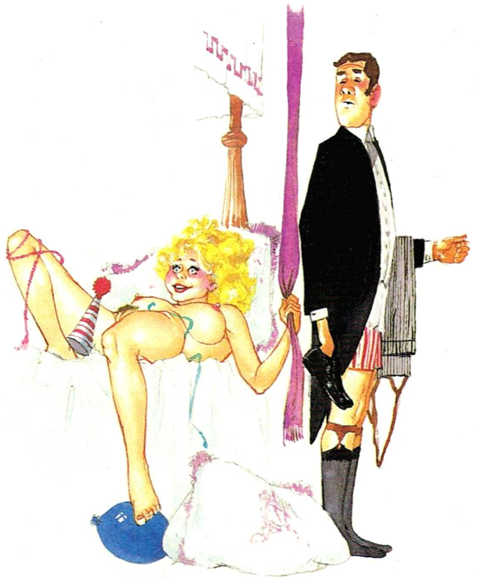
'David, remember saying "Anytime you're anywhere near Weybridge . . ."?'

A WARM WELCOME ON A COLD NIGHT

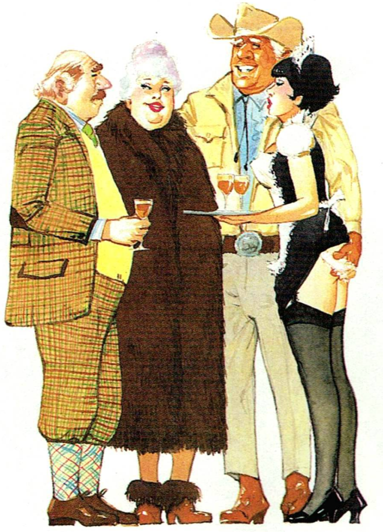
Oh sure, it's the season of goodwill
and hospitality, but as Brian Forbes observes,
you can have too much of a good thing



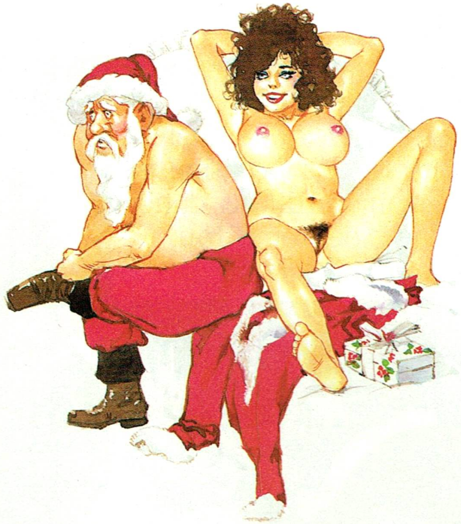
'Angela's my best chum, and I promised you'd help her with her Human Biology . . .'



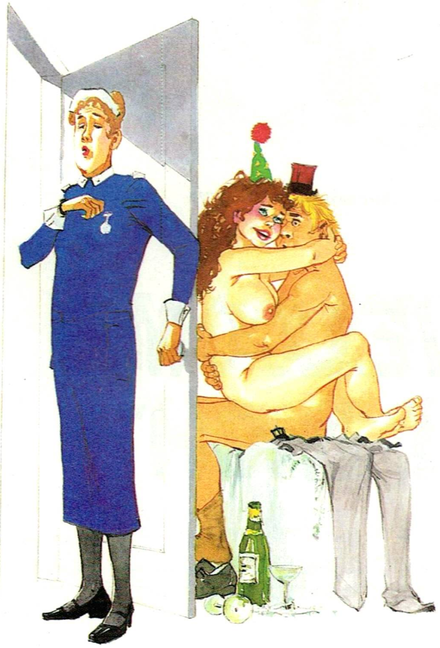
'Perhaps Madam would wish to know . . . four pulls summons the chauffeur, five the head gardener, six the footman, seven the boot boy, eight the . . .'



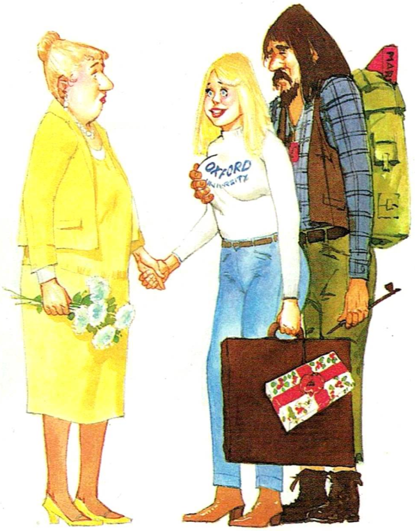
'You've no idea how thrilled Martha and I am to experience your traditional Yuletide hospitality . . .'



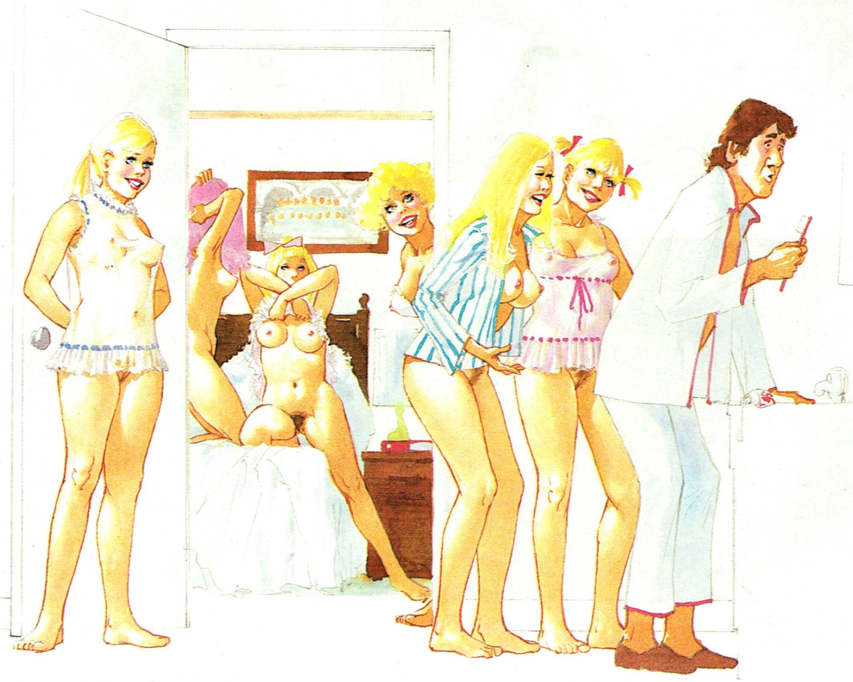
'Why don't I let you out the front door instead of you struggling up the chimney again?'



'Remember all visitors must be out in ten minutes, Miss Pearce!'



'Mumsy, if the guest room is taken, Roger can share with me!'



'Warden, we've decided to give you a special Swedish "Thank You" for our holiday course in your college!'

This year sees the 300th anniversary of the Battle of Sedgemoor, the last one to be fought on English soil. And to mark this historic event, members of the Sealed Knot staged a dramatic recreation of Monmouth's brave but disastrous rebellion

Having a stab at the Pitchfork Rebellion

FEAR
NOTHING
BUT
GOD

Photographed by Andrew Morland/Described by Martin Burr

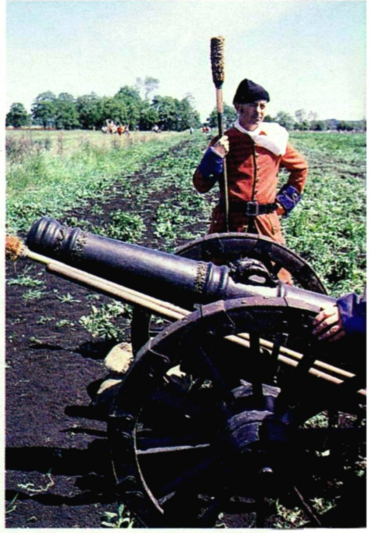
It was known as the Pitchfork Rebellion. Around 3,500 dissident farm workers, peasants and ordinary working men armed with scythes, pitchforks and a few muskets pitted themselves against the fully-armed and drilled forces of the King's army at the Battle of Sedgemoor in 1685. It has gone down in history as the last battle ever fought on English soil, and to mark its 300th anniversary earlier this year, members of the Sealed Knot society staged an historical recreation which was accurate to the smallest detail. In fact so painstaking was their research that their staging of the Battle of Sedgemoor took two years in the planning, longer than the original campaign. The rebels were led by James, Duke of Monmouth, the illegitimate son of Charles II. He had been exiled from Britain, and had now returned to take the throne from his

Small picture: the start of the Pitchfork Rebellion when Monmouth landed at Lyme Regis. Large picture: rebel musketeers go into action at the Battle of Sedgemoor.

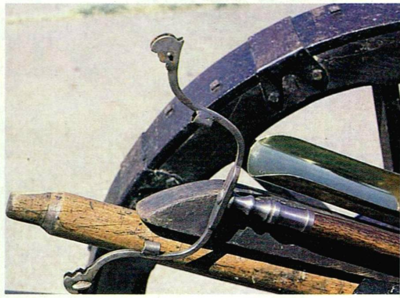
unpopular Catholic uncle, James II. The Sealed Knot's recreation of the events leading up to Sedgemoor began, as had the original rebellion, with Monmouth's landing at Lyme Regis with between two and three hundred men. From there Monmouth marched through the West Country. The support he had been promised failed to materialise, and his army comprised only around 3,700 men by the time he got to Bridgewater. To make matters worse, they were ill-equipped, and many had never before taken up arms. The King's forces numbered around 2,500. They were professional soldiers, fully-equipped and well-trained. Faced with such superior forces, Monmouth decided to march across Sedgemoor, and surprise the enemy at night while they were asleep.

Led by a local, Monmouth's men passed

Clockwise from large picture: Monmouth's rebel infantry attack, armed with scythes and pitchforks; a pike regiment of the King's infantry moves through the rebel lines; members of the King's cavalry make a defensive charge; a field piece is moved into position by the King's gunners; in the depths of the battle, infantrymen from both sides in desperate combat; the King's guns lined up at Bussex Rhine, a deep drainage ditch. As the rebels approached, a fatal shot rang out, Monmouth lost his element of surprise, and the battle was under way.



undetected within a few hundred yards of the royalist outposts, a route made more complicated by the numerous drainage ditches or rhines as they were called. A mist was down in the early hours of the morning which shielded the rebels from army patrols, but which also caused the guide to lose his way. Then at the critical moment as they neared the tents of the royalist troops, a single musket shot rang out, alerting the guards and waking the garrison. It remains one of history's mysteries as to whether the shot was fired by a rebel or one of the King's men, but it cost Monmouth an essential



Clockwise from large picture: the Duke of Monmouth's rebels make their first attack; rebel musketeers in action; a King's gunner stands by his cannon. These guns are specially cast for the Sealed Knot; the King's army rout the rebels at the end of the Battle; the King's cavalry, their uniforms exact in every little detail; authentic cannon tools.

element of his plan – surprise – and resulted in him losing the battle. The battle itself was short-lived, and after several hours the routed rebels were either dead or in flight, to be later picked up and deported or hanged by the infamous Judge Jeffreys at the Bloody Assizes. Monmouth himself was captured two days later, tortured and beheaded on Tower Hill, the executioner taking five strokes of the axe to sever his head, and even then having to finish the job with his knife.

The original Sealed Knot of Cromwellian times was a royalist secret society working to bring about the restoration of the monarchy. It is probable that the emblem was taken from the Great Chain of the Order of the Garter in which sealed knots alternate with roses. The modern Sealed Knot was formed in 1968, and its aim was to arouse interest in the English Civil War which brought about a dramatic change in Britain, turning the nation from an autocratic monarchy to a parliamentary democracy. Its founder was the distinguished historian and war hero Brigadier Peter Young DSO, MC, MA, FSA, who has long been accepted as the leading authority on the military aspects of the Civil War. During World War II he commanded the First Commando Brigade, and was commander of the 9th Regiment of the Arab Legion from 1953-56. For ten years he was Reader in Military History at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst.

Like the original armies of the Civil War, the Sealed Knot goes into winter quarter, and between October and March its members train, make costumes, do research, and generally prepare for the battle season. The Society is run along the lines of a 17th century army with members organised into regiments mainly on a geographical basis, but with regard to the individual's wish to be a royalist or parliamentarian pikeman, musketeer, dragoon, cavalry trooper, gunner or wench. All members are responsible for making or buying their own uniforms and weapons. They also have to be self-sufficient in camp. Membership is drawn from all age-groups and walks of life, and they will be in action most weekends, either at a major muster, mini muster, or a regimental drill display at a country house. The Sealed Knot's greatest moment came in 1977 when they were commanded to appear at Windsor Castle by the Queen for her Silver Jubilee. They provided a guard of honour for Her Majesty when she lit the great bonfire at the Copper Horse Statue.

The Sealed Knot's recreation of the battle involved around 4,000 members of the society who on this occasion were somewhat out of their usual historical period. They have plenty of Civil War uniforms, but for their recreation of Sedgemoor had to start from scratch, specially with the uniforms of the King's army which with their red coats and gold braid worked out fairly expensive. 'A lot of people wanted to be on the rebel side because the rebels wore what they liked,' said Arthur Starkie, Lord President of the Council of the North (his society title) and the Sealed Knot's public relations officer. 'But the army uniforms could cost anything up to £100.' Even the soldiers' shirts which are usually hidden by their tunics had to be authentic 17th century designs. 'If you feel right, it is right,' explained Mr Starkie. 'The period is very well documented, and there are plenty of details of battle uniforms and regiments available, it just requires research to dig up all the information.' The Sealed Knot even have a hospital unit to deal with any casualties which might arise when you have several thousand men attacking each other with pikes, scythes and other vicious instruments of war. And of course members of this unit have to dress according to the period. 'Members are so well drilled and disciplined that they know what it's all about, and we get very few injuries. In fact at Sedgemoor it was such a hot weekend that the casualties came more from dehydration than anything else, with people wearing those wigs, hats and heavy clothing.' Other injuries usually amount to the odd knock on the head or a sprained ankle.

When it comes to deciding who has to become a battle casualty and 'die', it is usually up to the company commanders to choose the 'victims'. 'But,' explained Arthur Starkie, 'if someone is coming all the way from Scotland to take part, they won't want to die in the first five minutes. So after a certain time they are taken to the rear and reactivated.'

Female members are not allowed to fight with pikes in the battles, but dressed as men they often play the roles of drummers, musketeers and standard bearers. They also fulfil the necessary role of camp followers.

The Sealed Knot's insistence on historical accuracy even extends to having their own cannon made. 'We have many cannon of different sizes, and the barrels have to be properly cast, proofed and tested,' said Mr Starkie. 'We don't make the barrels ourselves because it is illegal, and could be dangerous. But getting wheels is much more of a problem because there aren't many cart-wrights around nowadays. Some of our own people are going into the craft, and learning to make wheels for the cannon.' The cannon fire black powder and wadding.

The Sealed Knot now have more than 5,500 members nationwide, and have raised over £1million for charity. Anyone interested in joining can contact H B Smith, Agitant Generall, 29 Scott Hill Road, Clayton West, Huddersfield, HD8 9PE, West Yorkshire.

'Roughly translated, Sire, he says he's Henry V.'

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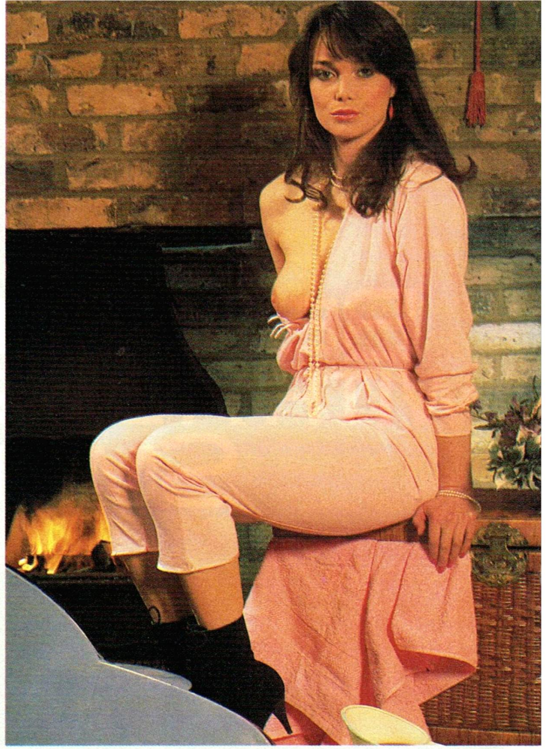
Rosemary

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALAN WALTON



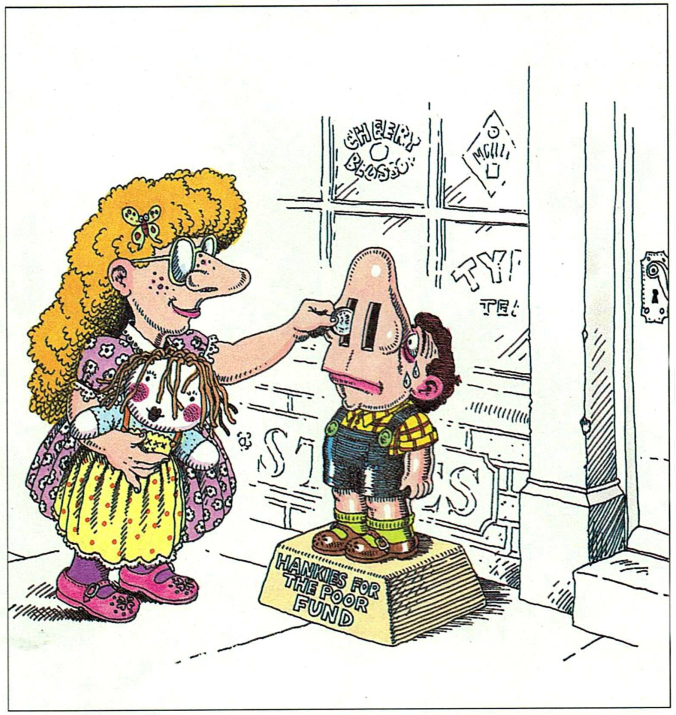
'Philately will get you everywhere,' is the answer you're likely to get if you try chatting up Rosemary Heath in one of her favourite Chiswick wine bars. 'I collect stamps, you see,' explained the sexy 22-year-old with a first class 36-24-36 figure, 'and I like to get that old chestnut in before anyone else gets the chance.' Rosemary specialises in British issues, and has every one from the first Penny Black. 'It started when I was ten years old, and they were the great passion in my life until I discovered men. But no, I'm not revealing how many of those I have in my collection.'

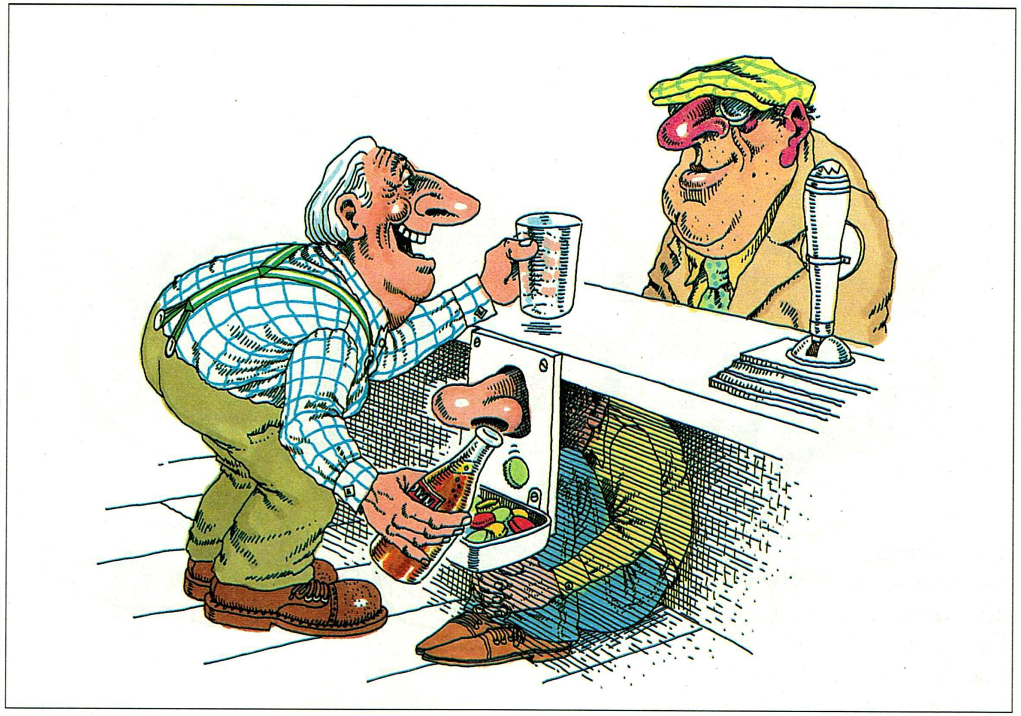
Rosemary is a courier for an air freight company, and never knows where she will be sent next. 'I find foreign travel so exciting, Paris one day, then New York the next. I really don't think I could settle down to a nine to five office job because I love seeing new places, and meeting new people.' But when the subject of men crops up, Rosemary is a true English rose. 'I've been on dates with chaps from all over the world, and although foreigners have their charm I'll settle down with a real English gentleman, but not yet – I'm planning to eat my Christmas dinner on Sydney beach.'

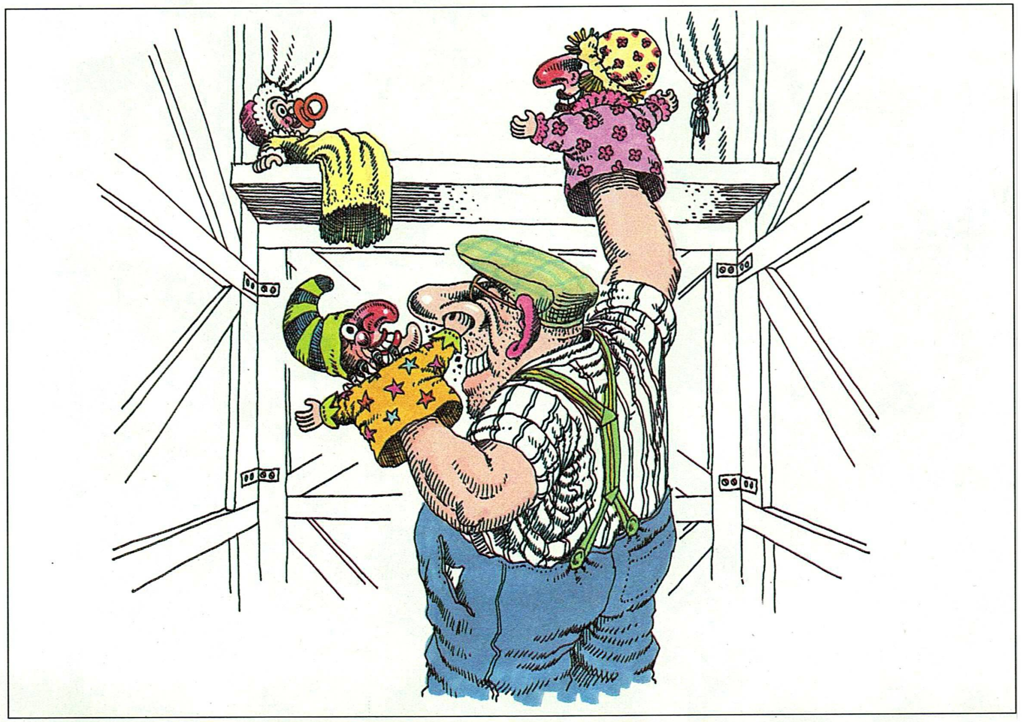
Rosemary doesn't keep that shapely figure in trim just by collecting stamps. She is a lethal opponent on the squash court, and at her local club walked off with the ladies championship. 'My job doesn't involve a lot of physical exercise, so I organise a game or two whenever possible.' On her infrequent weekends in England, you will likely find Rosemary in one of the nearby riverside pubs on a Sunday lunchtime, or wandering in Kew Gardens. 'I adore that place. It's wonderful for a quiet stroll alone, or a romantic walk with a boyfriend because of the little isolated groves.'

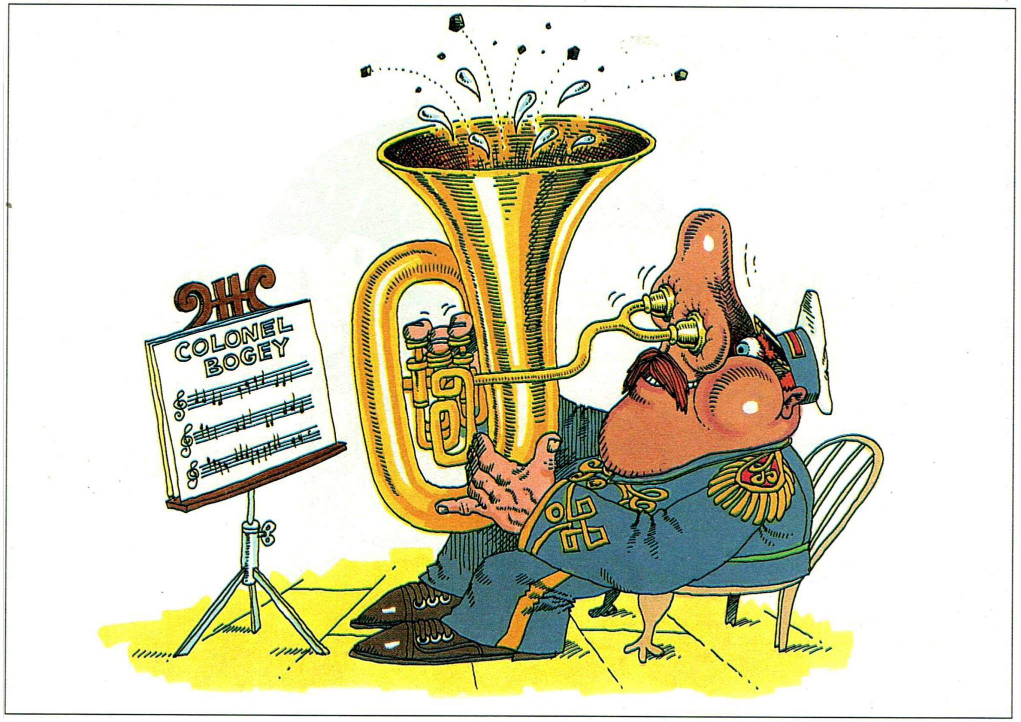
Getting up your nose

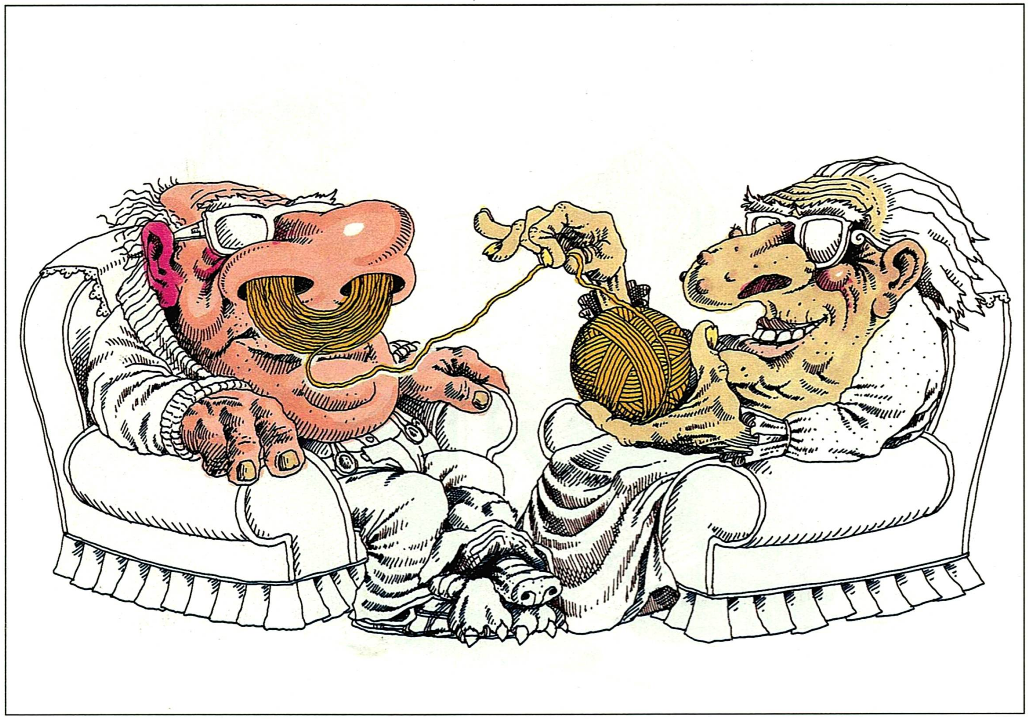
Cartoonist Fieldole has always had a sharp edge to his humour. After searching for a suitable subject for our bumper Christmas issue he decided to pick the nose

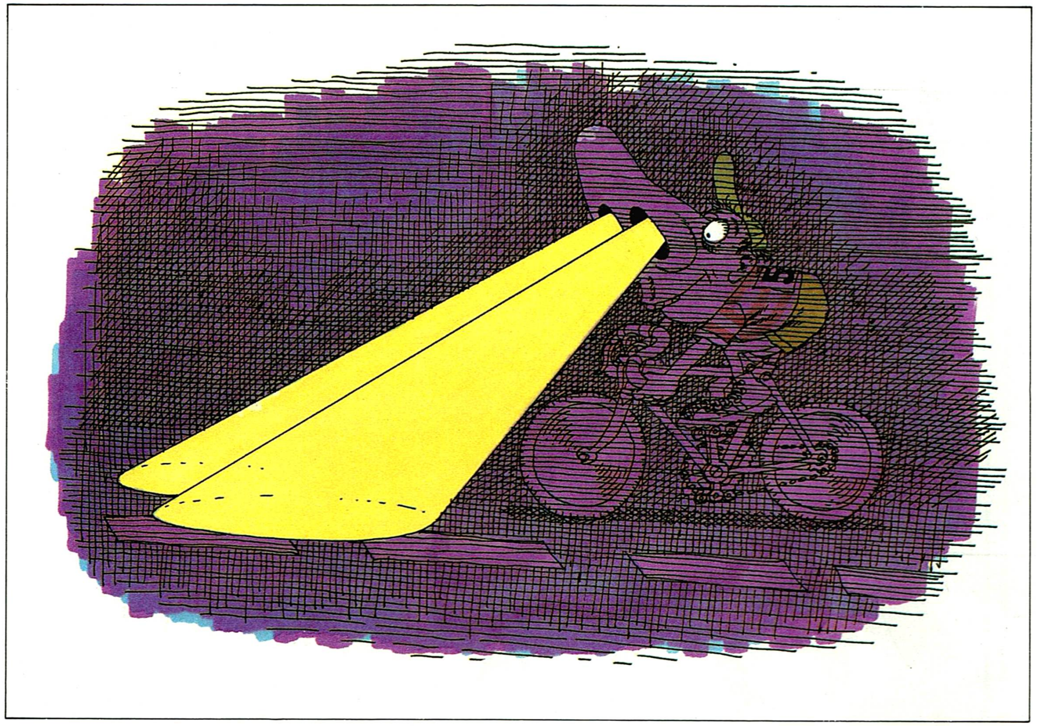

CHERRY BLOSSOM
HANKIES FOR THE POOR FUND

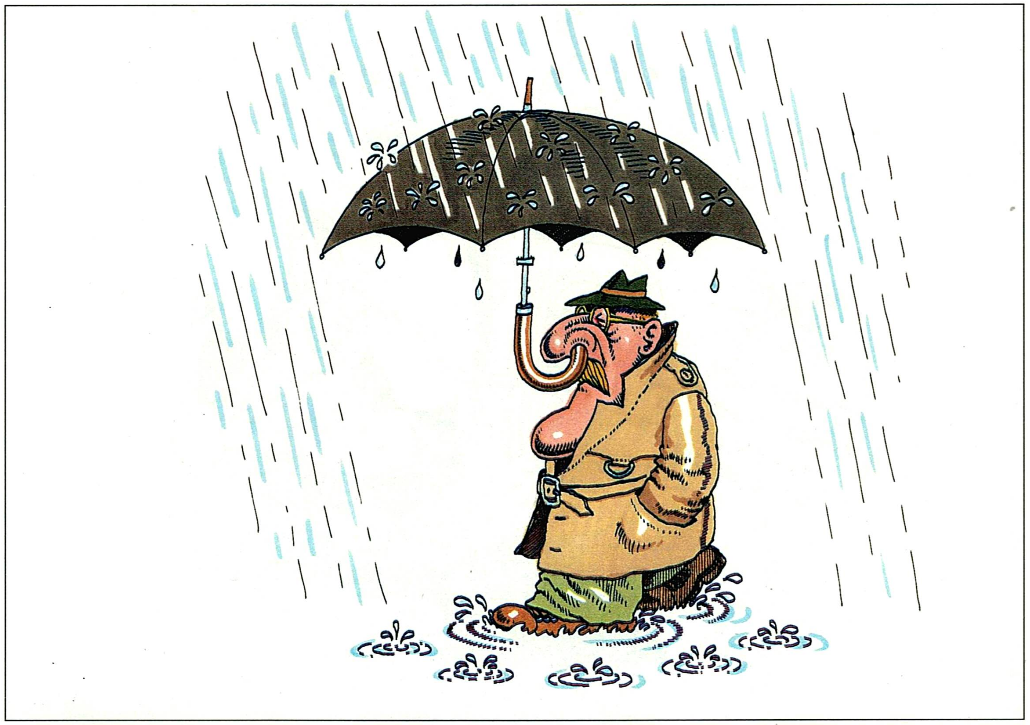


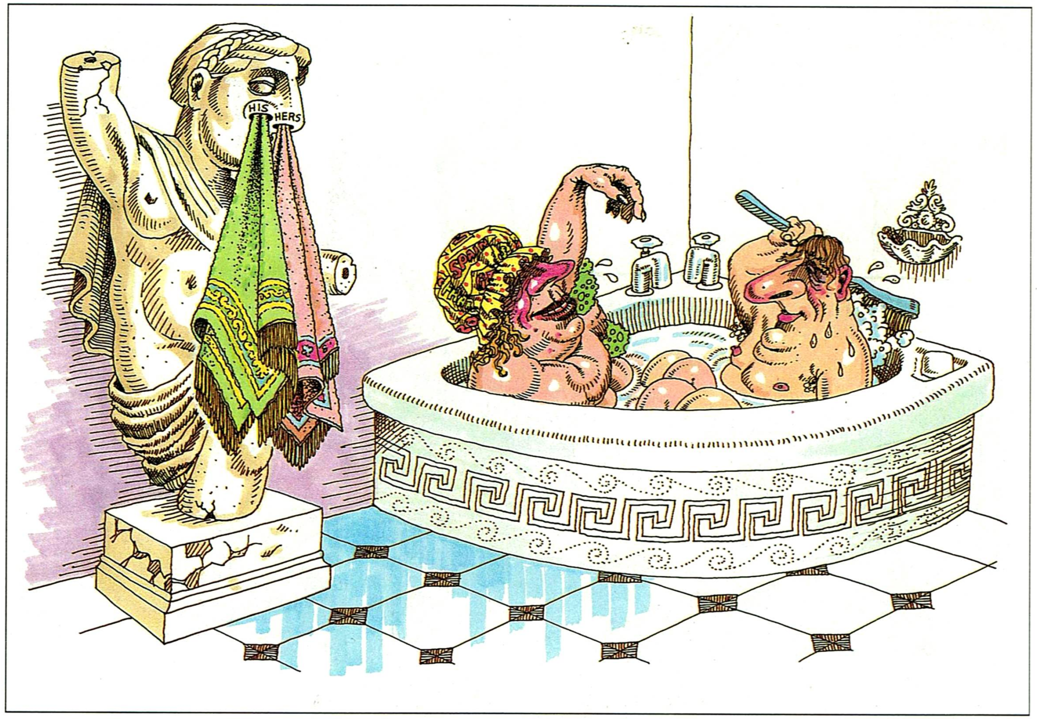



COLONEL BOGEY





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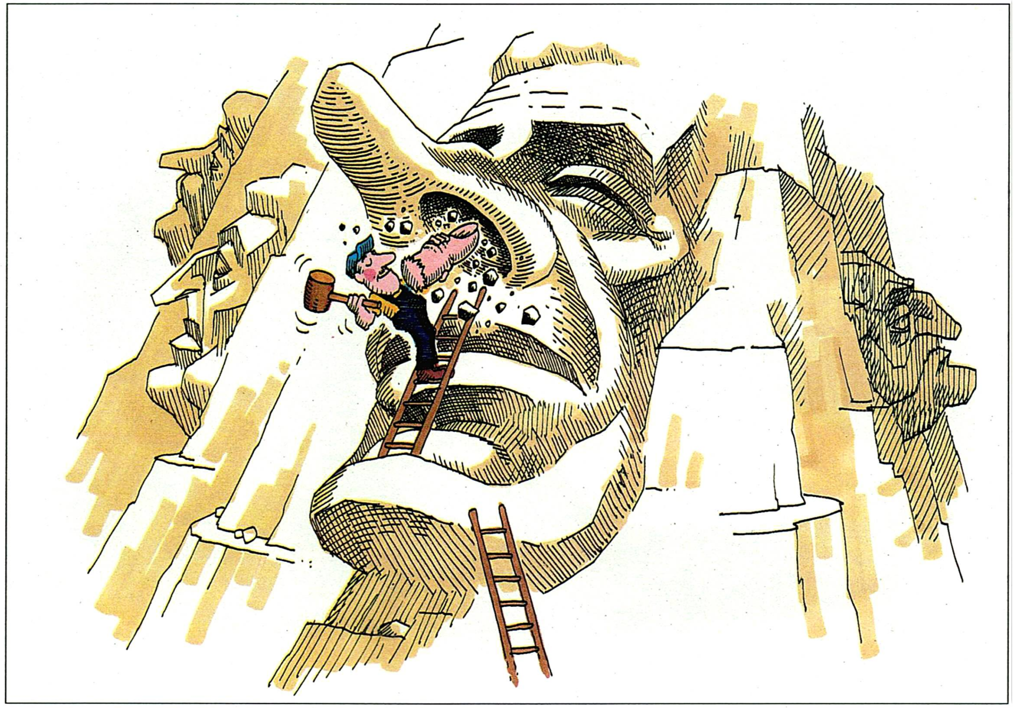
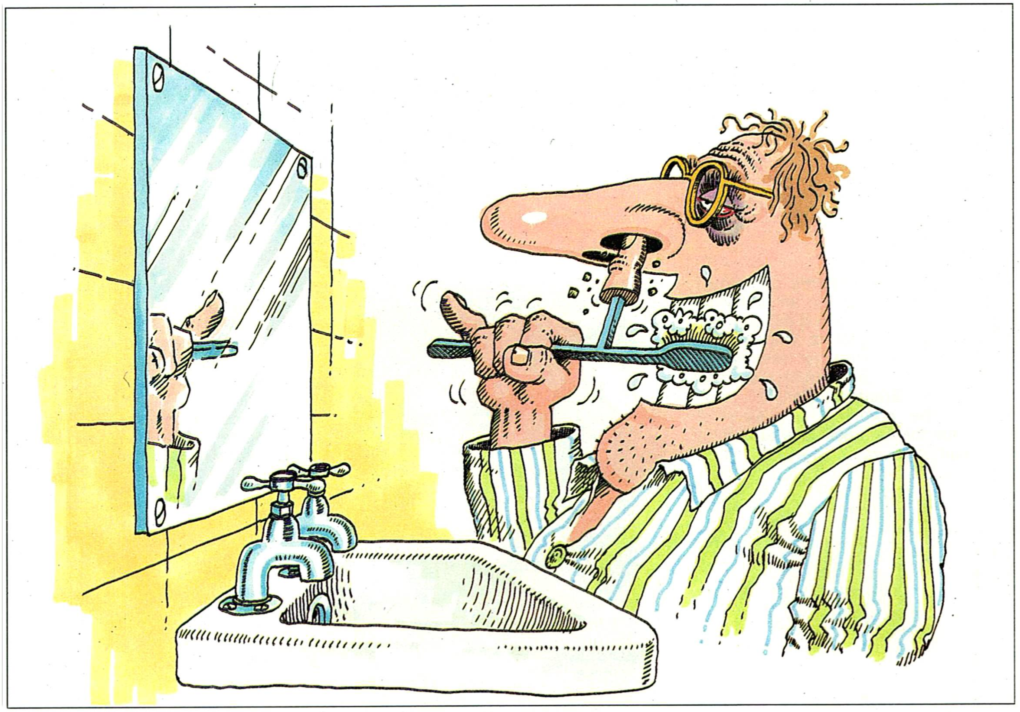
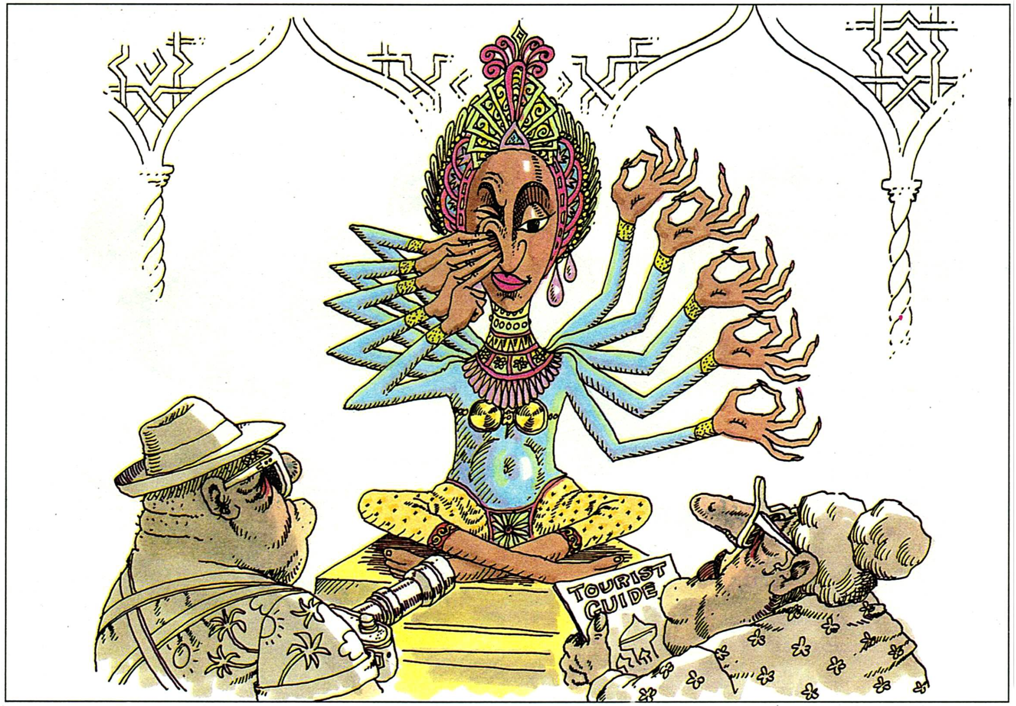
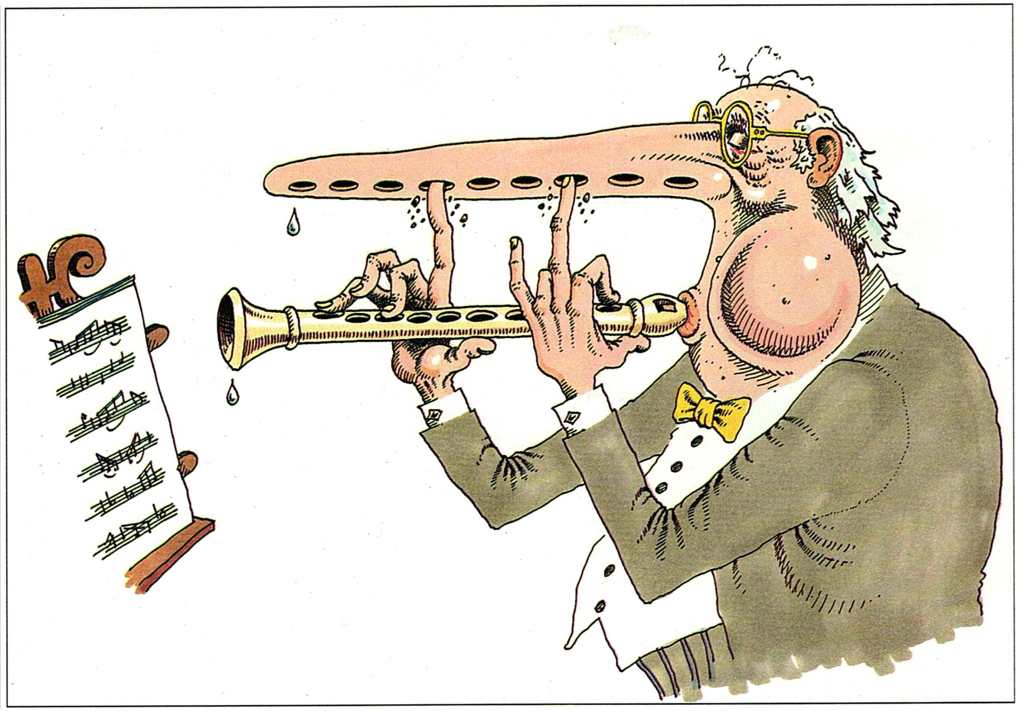






TOURIST GUIDE



GAIL

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
JOHN ALLUM

Not many top secretaries can boast that they turned up for an interview with their future boss in a basque and suspenders, but that is exactly how Gail Thackray landed her prestigious job with a telecommunications company in Bradford. Gail, 20, was sent to the company to deliver a kissogram for the boss. She turned up in a suit, and when she shed it to reveal her 36-24-36 body clad in a figure-hugging basque, Gail was offered a job on the spot. 'He liked the look of me,' she explained. Of course Gail has other qualifications after taking a two-year secretarial course, and gaining good shorthand and typing speeds. Hopefully Gail will still have time to continue her modelling. Gail, who notched up five 'O' Levels at

Leeds Grammar School before going to college, went into modelling after finishing her course. 'It has been an ambition of mine to get into *Mayfair* because I thought it would be difficult to get into a big magazine, and I saw it as a challenge. I am an exhibitionist, and I love the idea of turning guys on.' Gail started out as an amateur model, and there are members of a Bradford camera club who have very happy memories of her. She was booked to pose for them which she did in swimwear, then topless, then in an open-crotch G-string before stripping off completely. 'Everybody was excited and happy, and they kept me for an extra half-hour. But I did not find out until afterwards I had only been booked for portrait poses, not nude.'

Apart from posing here, you might have spotted Gail in adverts for Lady of Paris leathergear and wet-look clothes. She is interested in fashion, and designs and makes many of her own dresses. 'I like unusual clothes, and red is my favourite colour.' Gail's artistic inclinations also extend to fine art, and one of her hobbies is painting still life in oils. But when it comes to the evening, Gail prefers a more lively time. 'I enjoy clubs, and I am a good dancer. When I am at home I go to clubs in Leeds or *Cloud 9* in Bradford, and when I'm down in London you will find me at the *Hippodrome*.' To blow away the cobwebs after a night on the town, Gail enjoys getting out in the fresh air on Dingo or Sophie, her horses. 'I love riding in the open.'

When it comes to men, Gail prefers dark blond macho types with a tan, but she is so busy with her career at the moment she doesn't have time left in her diary for a regular boyfriend. 'I go in for one night stands or quick flings.'

MAYFAIR'S
GIRL OF THE MONTH
GAIL THACKRAY

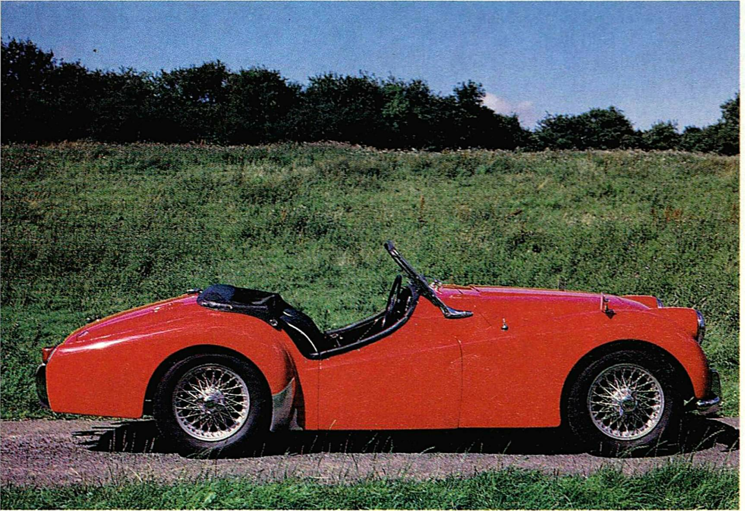
In the 1950s, motorists who craved more excitement than their dull saloon cars allowed turned to open-top sports models. Amongst the most successful of these was the Triumph TR series. Fast yet sturdy, the TRs epitomised driving for fun

TR's for two

Motoring with William Boddy/Photographed by Andrew Morland

In their time the Triumph TR sports-cars, rival of the MG, were extremely popular with sporting-minded owners. Today the theme has been replaced to a large extent by the small GTi saloons, of VW, Fiat, Peugeot, MG and other manufacturers. These offer the same performance appeal, with greater comfort and accommodation. So why, thirty or so years back, was there a viable and profitable market for the British open-top sports-car ?

The answer lies in the dullness and comparatively mediocre performance of the family saloon car in those days. Sports-cars on the other hand were harder sprung for better road-holding and faster cornering in safety – MG, indeed, coined the slogan 'Safety Fast'. They could be more noisy, but were endowed with more power than might have been seemly for a family transport which was supposed to return a decent petrol consumption. Moreover, in those less cossetted times, with no stereo to listen to there was the bonus of gales of fresh air when the hood was furled, even if this did not always improve the girl passenger's hair-do. (Courtship and marriage are hard in open

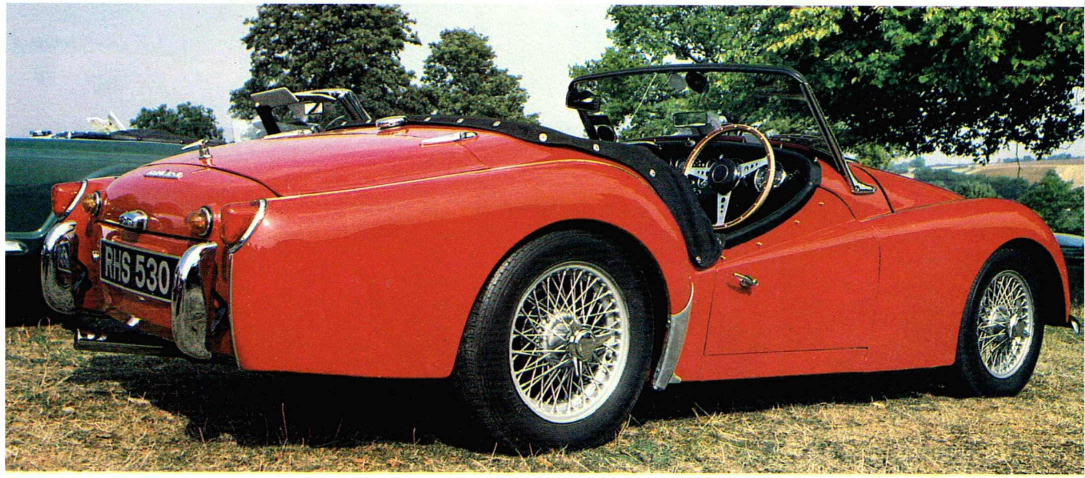


Following the prototype 20TS, Triumph went in to full production with the TR2 seen here. It was still largely cobbled together from existing Standard-Triumph parts but proved an instant success. Introduced in 1953, 8,600 were built of which over 5,500 were exported, principally to America. Its 1,991cc, four-cylinder engine gave it a top speed in excess of 100 mph, though its 0-60 mph time of over 11 seconds made it slow by today's standards. The red model pictured here is a rare 'long-door' version owned by Chris Sergison of Warminster, and made in 1954.

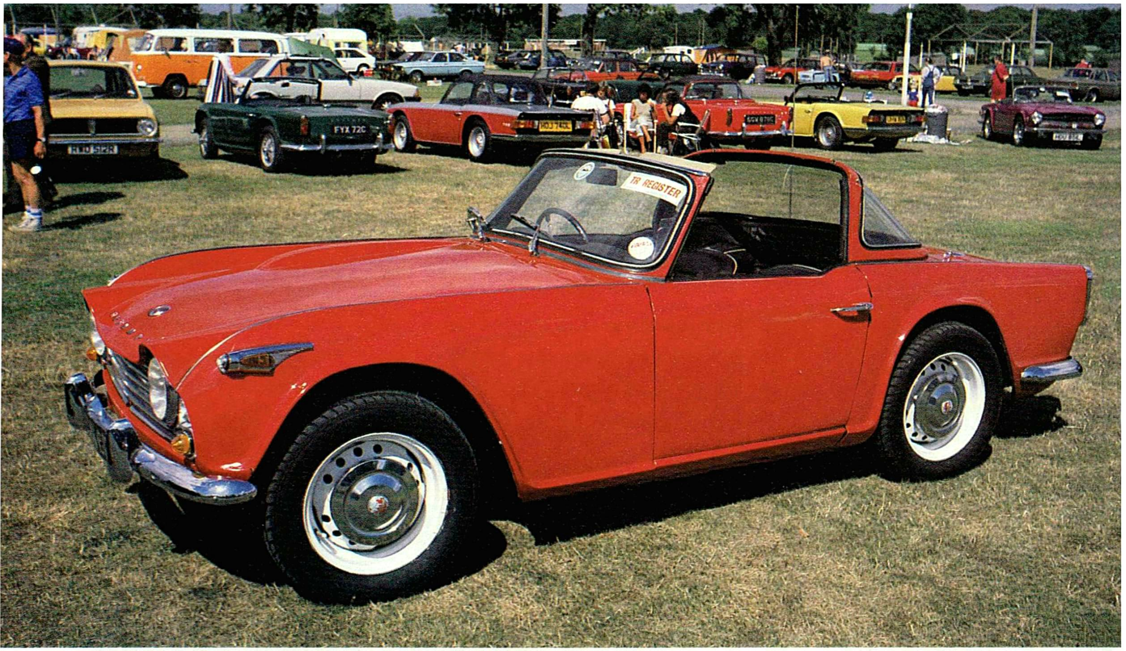
TR REGISTER
MJA 765

cars, yet in the early days 'to go motoring' implied breathing God's good fresh air, and smelling the scents of the countryside). In fact the attraction of the purely fun sports two-seater *is* still recognised, with Morgan continuing the theme as only they quite know how, while the Reliant people of Tamworth have just introduced such a car, their new SS1. It was in this spirit that the first of a long and memorable line of TR Triumphs was conceived.

It was a tough sports-car, very much a concept of personalities. In the days when the first TR appeared, known in fact as the 20TS (the TS strood for Triumph-Sports) the Standard-Triumph Company was a separate entity, controlled by mercurial Sir John Black. It was an amalgam of the well-known



The Triumph TR2 was modified in 1955 to form the TR3, various examples of which are pictured here at one of the TR Owners Club meetings. Although slightly heavier, and containing the same 1,991cc engine, the TR3 exceeded 100 bhp at 5,000 rpm. This gave it a top speed of 105 mph and an improved 0-60 mph time of 10.8 seconds. Motorists who wanted to inject a little fun into their driving lapped them up, and 16,847 were made in two years, many still going to the US. A modified version, the TR3A was introduced in 1958 incorporating many improvements.



Standard and Triumph concerns, the former making popular cars for the more middle-class customers, while Triumph went for quality especially towards the end of their individual spell. At the dawn of the 1950's, Black wanted to obtain a foothold in the sports-car market, lucrative here, and with great prospects in America. His take-over bid for the Morgan concern had been turned down, and MG was driving him mad with its ready sales of low-priced sports-cars. He also very much wanted to get even with Jaguar, who had beaten him to sports-car profitability. In that kind of atmosphere, Sir John told his employees to get cracking, and come up with the sort of sports-car he needed, To keep prices competitive it was necessary to use as many existing Standard

REGISTER
GRW 467D
TR4A

TRIUMPH
ONX 542F

By 1961, the TR had been improved still further with the introduction of the TR4 and TR4A, examples of which can be seen left, top left and top right. This had a larger 2,138cc engine which gave the TR4A version a top speed of 109 mph. The TR5 (right centre) emerged in 1967 with a 2½-litre engine, which reached 120 mph, but that too was superseded two years later by the TR6 (above and small picture top centre). The engine was similar but acceleration improved.

TR REGISTER
TR6
BDA 416N

and Triumph saloon-car components as possible. Up in Coventry the hustle was on, and six months later the 20TS emerged.

That was very quick work by today's standards, and it must have been an intriguing jig-saw puzzle, making up the required sports-car from the bits and pieces available in the factory. That it all fitted together was a tribute to engineer Harry Webster and body-stylist Walter Belgrove. The latter had a truly tough assignment because Sir John Black is said to have put up only £16,000 for the special jigs and tools. That's peanuts when it is remembered that it cost Ford £1,000,000 just to put synchro-mesh on bottom gear of the Cortina.

For power, the Triumph sports-car used a very rugged but readily available engine, namely the Standard Vanguard four-cylinder, push-rod overhead-valve unit. It was devised for the tough Vanguard Saloon, and was adopted by Peter Morgan for his Morgan Plus-4, when he went up a notch from the successful Morgan 4/4. For the chassis – cars had not quite departed from

TR8
AA
TR6
JTX 447K

TRIUMPH
TR7
EUT 617T

The Triumph TR6 (left, top left and top right) lasted throughout the early 1970s. Its six-cylinder engine featured petrol injection for added efficiency at high speeds. The last true TR was the hard-top TR7 (two pictures above). Introduced in 1976 under the Leyland banner, its distinctive wedge shape is still a common sight on British roads. In 1980, a soft-top version was produced, and finally a TR8 with a 3½-litre V8 engine was sold but only in the United States.

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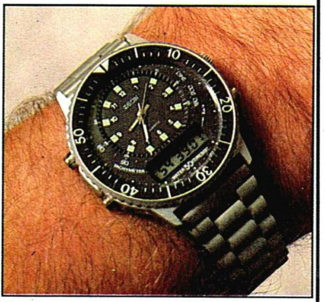

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M2012

the separate chassis frame in those times – they used the Standard Flying Nine's frame, to which they attached a Triumph Mayflower back-axle. Mark you, there were problems, and that chassis which sufficed with a saloon body to stiffen it required much strengthening by ingenious means for the 20TS. The MG TD had independent front suspension, so Webster stuck on the Mayflower's front springs. The simple engine with detachable wet cylinder liners for rapid overhaul was used in fact in the reliable Ferguson tractor (one of which continues to serve us well in the Welsh mud). It was reduced in capacity to 1,991 cc, to place the Triumph sports-car within the 2-litre competition category. Sir John had asked for 90 mph but the power produced – just over 70 bhp – looked good for around 85 mph.

Ken Richardson took on the task of getting the new sports job road-worthy – he was a man dedicated to competition motoring – and the 20TS made its debut at the 1952 London Motor Show. In spite of a simple body with no double-curvature panels the car looked right, the price (£865, of which purchase-tax accounted for £310) was right, and the demand exceeded Sir John Black's wildest hopes. But there was much that was crude about the car we now label the TR1, and immediately steps were taken to improve the flimsy chassis, and tweak the engine to attain the ideal of a 100 mph sports-two-seater. This took time, with Ted Grinham's engineers slaving away, and Richardson spending hour-after-hour lapping the test track at 100 mph until something broke.

The result was the celebrated TR2, developing 90 bhp from the same size engine as the 20TS or TR1, with enlarged brakes to cope with the higher speeds, and weighing 1,848 pounds unladen. The body lines had been improved too, and this almost indestructable, distinctly-sporting TR was very popular, being exciting to drive yet conveying shades of the 'Trusty Triumph' of motorcycling memory. Over 8,600 were built, of which 5,521 were exported.

The battle with MG had been joined, and if advocates of the Abingdon make thought they had the more refined car, Triumph TR enthusiasts regarded themselves and their cars as tougher. Moreover, the Coventry firm didn't stop at the TR2. It ran from August 1953 until October 1955, when the TR3 made its appearance. That offered five more horses, later the full 100 bhp at 5,000 rpm for a slight weight increase (plus 140 pounds), but with disc front brakes to quell the urge. This was such a good recipe that 16,847 TR3s were made in two years, of which nearly all were exported. America loved them. It is significant that the first simple body styling persisted on these cars, the Ferrari-like cowled radiator intake being given a grille on the TR3.

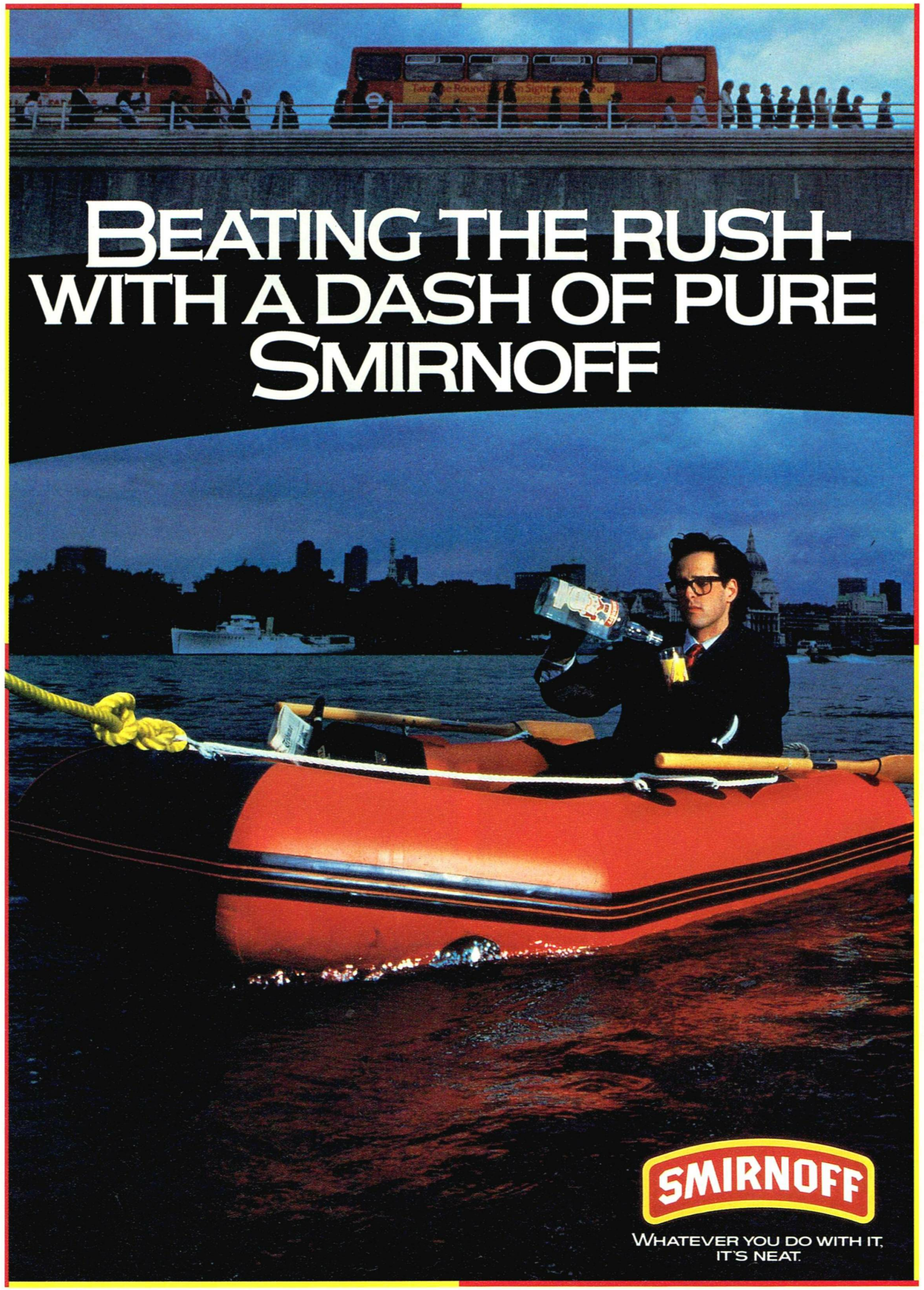
The Triumph TR cost much the same as contemporary MG models, but had the more expensive Austin-Healey as a competitor. Standard-Triumph had the good sense to form a competition department, and the Triumph proved adept at rallying – just beginning to become the intense manufacturers' domain it is today – and also did well in racing, even in the classic 24 hour marathon at Le Mans. Even, indeed, in the equally classic Mille Miglia road race round Italy, driven by Ken Richardson who was in charge of all this activity, and often done on what would now be regarded as the proverbial shoe-string. With TRs seen in such events, including the Monte Carlo and other great rallies of their day, their durability and sporting potential was well publicised, and sales increased after victory in the RAC Rally of 1954.

Nevertheless, progress is progress, and when one looks back on the performance of these sports TRs, good as it was, it is clear how modern GT saloon cars have forged ahead. For instance, although a specially prepared and streamlined TR was timed at a rousing 124 mph on the Jabbeke motor road, the customer's TR2 was more of a 103 to 104 motor-car under good conditions, and the 0-60 mph acceleration figure was around 11.7 seconds. The ride would now be regarded as distinctly harsh, and the weather protection and decor purely for the dedicated enthusiast. In later days I recall a very hairy and exciting experience in a TR6 as it ran towards 120 mph. The TR3 was good for just over 105 mph in top, and could get from rest to 60 mph in 10.8 seconds, but when I got my first TR2 to sample I was asked not to record performance figures. In an enlightened 1985 the Peugeot 205 GTi hatchback goes from 0-60 in 8.6 seconds, and has a top speed of 116 mph, and the more family-car endowed MG Maestro EFi manages 8.4 sec and 114 mph. But in its day the TR was a fast performer.

Although Sir John Black's jealous desire to knock the opposition brought the TR into being, in the end after he had been involved in an accident when Richardson was showing off a TR-based Swallow Doretti to him (not the way to treat one's boss!), his fire subsided, and he had to be sacked by his Board. Alick Dick succeeded Sir John as MD at the age of 37, and eventually sold the company to the Leyland empire, but not before he had brought in the Italian Goivanni Michelotti to re-style the later TRs. Stanley Markham looked after the TR programme for Leyland, and saw that more power and speed was required, hence the six-cylinder versions, later endowed with fuel-injection. Before Webster left to join Austin/Morris as technical director, he appointed Lawrence Dawtrey, designer of the Triumph Dolomite engine that was to successfully power the TR7. And when Sir Donald Stokes got control of British Leyland he looked kindly on them, less so on MGs.

So TR development progressed sensibly, with independent rear suspension appearing on the TR4, the TR5 getting a 2½-litre six-cylinder engine, and some 111,500 four-cylinder TR7s being made between 1976 and 1980. The 3½-litre V8 TR8 was the last of a long line, but was only sold in America.

The Triumph TR was a typically British sports-job more rugged than an MG but engendering equal loyalty on the part of its owners. It was the product of individuals, at a time when sports-cars of its kind would outrun little saloons, and were the concept of enthusiasts rather than design-teams, and made by engineers instead of robots. 🍎



ANNA
Brighton's full-bodied barmaid

Twenty-two-year-old Anna Collins is many people's idea of a perfect barmaid. She has a lively personality, a buxom 38-25-36 figure, and a way of pulling pints that can let any red-blooded man's imagination wander. No wonder she was so popular when she used to serve in the *Queen Anne* public house in Brighton. However we waited for Anna to leave that quiet hostelry before we took our photographs of her. We didn't want our readers to overcrowd the bar, after all.

Now Anna's most likely to be found in *Bentley's* or *Night Fever* night club where she enjoys a drink and a dance. As for the sort of man she likes to dance with, her reply is immediate, 'Policemen!' she claims, 'I love everything about them. I even had a dream the other night about being in the back of a police Transit van with ten of them. I was naked except for a helmet and . . . then they received a 999 call, and we had to stop.' This might seem unusual but Anna has had some outrageous romantic encounters. Golf courses, airplanes and even a fish and chip shop just prior to opening have all seen a little risqué behaviour on Anna's part. Anna has two ambitions, one practical the other less so. 'I'd like to tour America and see Disneyland,' she smiled. 'And flash to the policemen in Churchill Square.'

Paul Newman's new co-star
Lydie Denier

Now here's a name to look out for on cinema billboards in the future – Lydie Denier. Twenty-two-year-old Lydie has been a successful actress in Europe for several years, and now looks destined to make a name for herself all over the world. For Lydie is currently in Hollywood, no less, making a film with Paul Newman. The film has yet to be given a title, but looks certain to be released worldwide, so start checking the cast lists carefully to avoid missing the French actress with the slim 34-22-34 figure. In the meantime, settle back and enjoy *Mayfair*'s own X certificate trailer . . .

Lydie was born in Paris, and became an actress after studying dramatic art for two years at the city's famous Conservatoire. Under the direction of Daniel Dancourt, she became accomplished in all kinds of stage work. Already she has appeared in Shakespeare, Moliere plays and a comedy by Francoise Campaux entitled *Cherie Noire*. It's comedy that Lydie specialises in, her favourites being the really crazy ones. Her stage work has been complemented by modelling for magazines, and television appearances all over Europe. Of course, Lydie speaks perfect English.

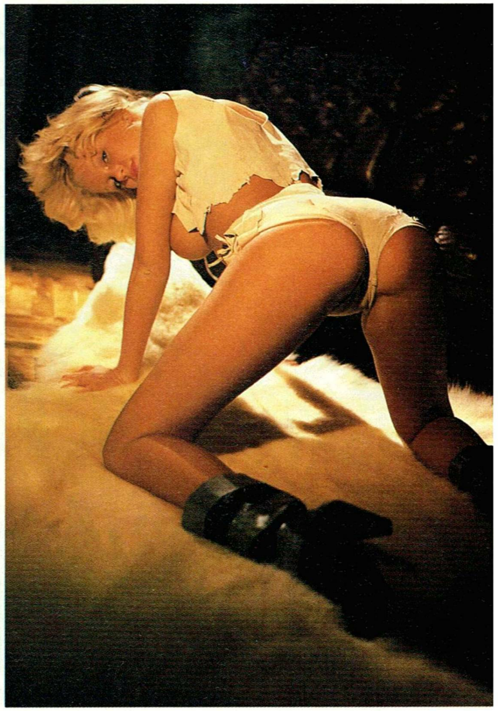
Although the film that Lydie is currently making in Los Angeles will be the first that is likely to be seen over here, it is far from being her big screen debut. She has appeared in several Italian films, and a full length French feature film called, *Le Diable au Soleil* ('The Devil in the Sun'). But that is nowhere near the end of the French star's talent. She has also done publicity work for the *Grand Hotel* in Rome, and has a fine singing voice. She has even released a single. It's called *Sentiments*, and was recorded on a visit to Germany. With such a wide range of abilities, there seems no doubt that we shall be hearing a lot more of Lydie Denier in the future. But remember you saw her in *Mayfair* first!

The girls you've asked to see

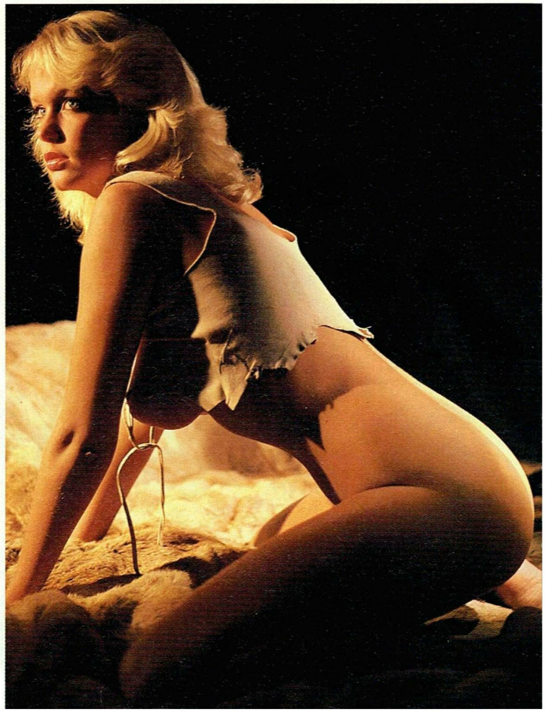
Carina

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL ANCHER

For some people bath-time is very private, a chance to think through the problems of the day, as they lie back in the warm water. Not for Carina Jensen, however. She likes people to watch her bathe, and promptly invited photographer Michael Ancher to capture her soaking in the suds. The result made the cover and centre pages of our Vol 18 No 5, and from then on readers have been asking us to invite her onto dry land for another set. We were happy to oblige, and so was Carina. In fact the 19-year-old fell so much in love with the polar bear rug that she can be seen cuddling here that we thought we would never tear her way from it. 'I even offered to give it to her,' recalled Michael Ancher. 'But she just laughed, and continued clowning around, growling and making faces at it. She certainly has a tremendous sense of humour, and really loves having fun.'



Carina's 36-25-36 figure is a common sight in her home town of Copenhagen in Denmark where she still lives with her family. At five feet eight inches tall, she is easy to spot, especially when she wears her high heels. She is currently attending college, but her ambition remains in modelling. 'I would like to do fashion work,' she says, and with a figure like that and her delightful natural blonde hair and ice-cool blue eyes, she stands a good chance of fulfilling her dream. In the meantime, Carina fills what little spare time she has with visits to her local swimming pool and vigorous keep-fit sessions. She is also fond of dancing. Not only can she be found in the local night clubs bopping away to loud disco music, but she is also an expert in 'jazz ballet'. 'It's very popular amongst dance troupes these days,' Carina says. 'It's a kind of modern ballet but danced to up-tempo music. Even people who say they hate ballet often like it – it's very similar to some of those ice skating routines.' Carina's English, it seems, is nearly as perfect as her fantastic figure.



Maggie the maid's corridor fantasy

Before you all go hunting through London to find the hotel where 21-year-old Maggie Mason works as a chambermaid, she would like to point out that when she is on duty she is usually more soberly clad. 'I often wear stockings and suspenders under my uniform,' she explained, 'but I've never stripped off in one of the corridors before. That's just one of my fantasies.' Maggie's day-dreams feature her watching a good-looking guy through the keyhole, then stripping off to walk in on him with her 36-25-36 figure on full display. 'I'll probably never make these a reality, but I might one day.'

Mayfair photographer Peter Flodquist was happy 'to help Maggie's fantasies come true on film at least, but they had to shoot these pictures early one morning before the guests were up and about. 'It made it more exciting, somehow,' said Maggie, 'to know that at any moment one of the doors could open, and I'd be caught starkers in the corridor. I was half hoping someone would, and half dreading it. I must be an exhibitionist at heart.' In her off duty hours, Maggie likes to flaunt herself at the top London nightspots like *Stringfellows* and the *Hippodrome* where you'll find her in outrageously revealing outfits. 'I came unstuck once when a tiny bolero top just flew off during a rather strenuous dance, leaving me completely topless. I was so embarrassed I just finished the dance then fled to the loo to recover.'

Geoffery Wheeler's superbly detailed illustrations of the steam locomotives that used to work so hard on our railways have become a tradition in our Xmas issue. This year he depicts three very different GWR locos to round off their 150th anniversary

WORKING WHEELERS

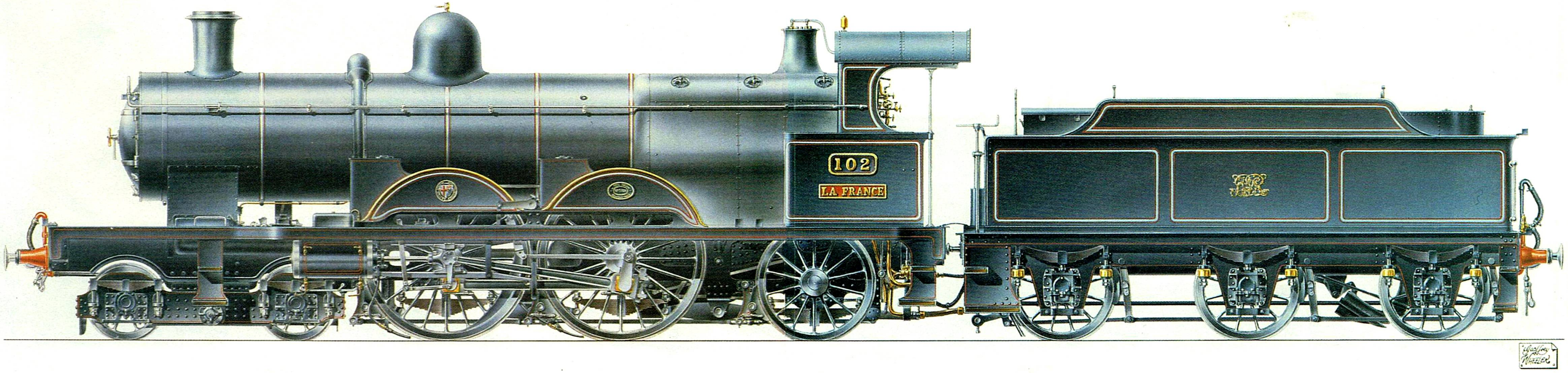
Christmas means different things to different people. To us, it provides a chance to feature the work of technical illustrator Geoffrey Wheeler. Wheeler's intricate artwork is now as much a part of our bumper issue as turkey is a part of Christmas dinner, and this year is no exception, as he turns his attention again to the steam locomotives of the Great Western Railway.

It has been a special year for the GWR as 1985 marks their 150th anniversary. The celebrations have included plays, TV programmes and Royal visits. A great year for fans of God's Wonderful Railway, marred only by the announcement of the closure of Swindon railway works, where many of the great locomotives of the steam era were made and repaired. Wheeler is one of the GWR's greatest fans, and justifiably so. For some years he worked in the technical drawing office of the railway, where he developed the skills that he uses to this day. From his youth his fondness for steam and the GWR in particular has, if anything, increased, and as well as drawing and painting the great engines of the past, he also rides steam-hauled trains whenever possible.

For our Christmas issue, Geoffrey Wheeler has decided to round off the Great Western's year of celebration by illustrating three very different examples of the wide range of locomotives that ran on Brunel's famous tracks. The first is *La France* or 'La Belle Dame' as Wheeler refers to her. The design of this locomotive is as Continental as the name, this being one of the French compound locomotives which ran on the *Chemin de Fer Nord* in the early 1900s. *La France* was shipped over to Britain in pieces in 1903, and re-assembled at Swindon under the surveillance of the GWR's great engineer George Jackson Churchward. The Great Western were keen to try the compound engines that were so popular abroad, and test them against their own locomotives. Compounds worked on a smiliar principle to today's turbos, the exhaust gases from the first two high pressure cylinders being used to help power the other two low pressure ones. But when Churchward tested *La France* against one of his finest locomotives, *Albion*, he found it no more efficient or faster than the GWR loco. So compounding was never introduced in this country. One or two minor features were 'cribbed' from the French engine but no more. *La France* did, however, run until the late 1920s when it was eventually scrapped.

Geoffrey Wheeler says that *La France* is the most difficult locomotive he has had to draw. 'It's a very delicate engine,' he said, referring to the complex piping and pistons. Although French in origin, GWR anglicised the loco. The chimney is pure Great Western as is the tender. 'But it is a beautiful shape,' comments Wheeler. The original of this painting, incidentally, will be on display at the Guild of Railway Artists stand at the Model Engineers Exhibition in Wembly on January 3 to 11.

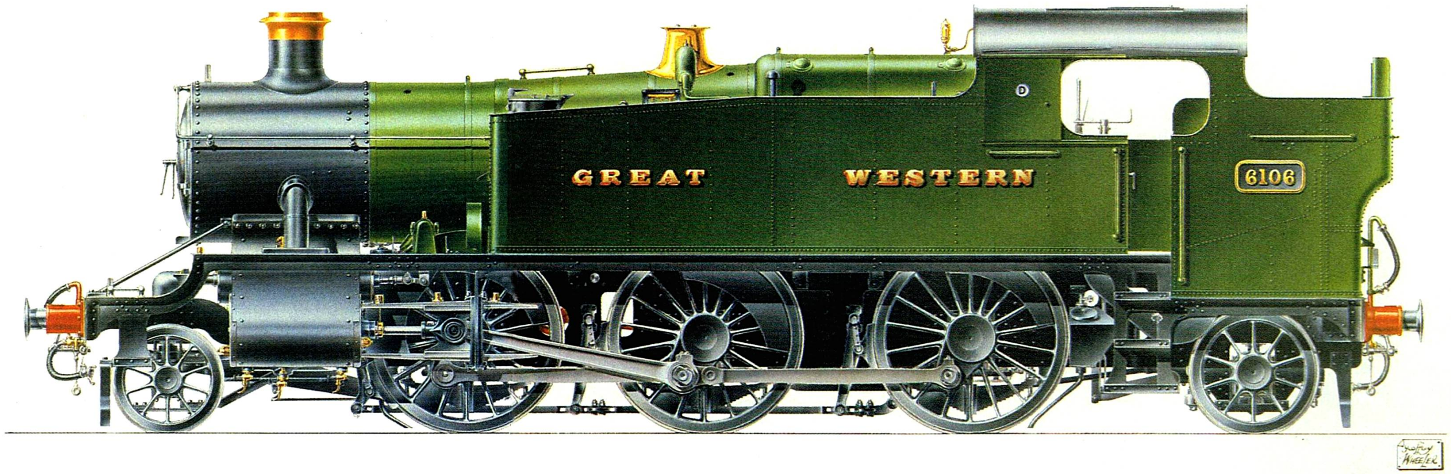
Tank engine 6106 (pictured over page) is another of Wheeler's favourites, but for quite contrasting reasons. 'It was the true workhorse of the GWR,' he told us. 'These little locos did everything. I've even seen them hauling passenger trains at 70 mph.' 6106 worked out of Paddington after its introduction in 1931, though tank engines like this worked all over the Great Western system. It was used principally for goods work or light

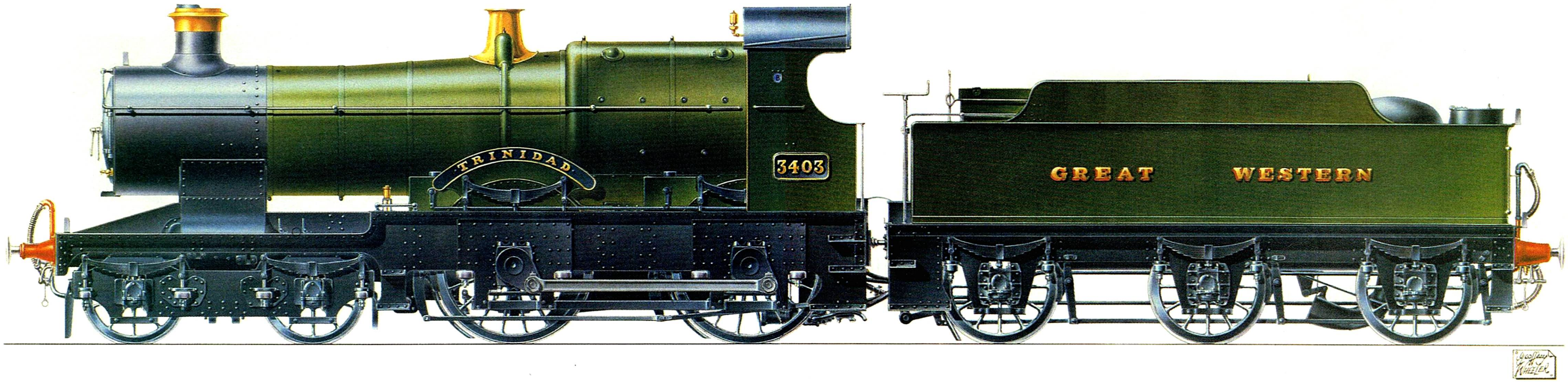


passenger hauling on branch lines, and continued its stalwart work right up to the demise of steam in the 1950s. But 6106 has survived even longer. It can be seen at Didcot railway museum, and is in steam regularly. And that's good news for tank engine fans everywhere.

The locomotive at the bottom of this page is *Trinidad*, a Bulldog class engine first seen in 1910. The Bulldog class locos were often named after the colonies of the empire or occasionally birds, and were also used for goods and light passenger work. They were seen most commonly in rural areas on branch lines, and occasionally waiting at the bottom of steep inclines, ready to give the larger passenger trains a push to help them up the hill. Sturdy and robust, they were easily spotted as the wheels were sandwiched in their frames. *Trinidad's* main stamping ground was Reading, before being scrapped in the 1930s. The Bulldog class however lasted until the advent of diesel power. For this illustration, Geoffrey Wheeler has given *Trinidad* the green livery it would have worn towards the end of its career.

Fans of Geoffrey Wheeler's illustrations might like to know that many are available as prints (including *La France* in this year's selection). The prints are 25 inches by 12 inches, and cost £7.50, signed by Geoffrey himself (please add £1.50 if ordered from outside Europe). And as a special deal for *Mayfair* readers, he says that he will waive postage costs inside Europe. A complete list of the prints available (sadly, these do not include *Trinidad* and 6106 as yet) can be easily obtained by sending a stamped addressed envelope to Geoffrey Wheeler, who lives at *84 Hazelmere Road, Penn, High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire.*





The girls you've asked to see

Sue Lee

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DONALD MILNE

When we asked readers to nominate the girls they would most like to see in *Mayfair*, one group was suggested over and over again. It was the *Page Three* girls of *The Sun*, and since we asked for your ideas, we have tried to feature as many of them in *Mayfair* as possible. This month we welcome another to our pages, sensational Sue Lee. Twenty-three-year-old Sue Lee comes from Nottingham, the daughter of a miner and a nurse, and had been modelling just nine months when *The Sun* chose her. Now the 36-25-36 stunner is one of their most popular *Page Three* girls, with work starting to flood in, and her career booming.

It's a far cry from the Greek restaurant in New Orleans that Sue Lee used to run when she lived in the US. But whilst she was there she did put in a few appearances on American television, and took a trip to Dallas to meet the famous soap opera stars. She has also acted in films, notably *A Change of Habit*, where she played a nun and a hooker. These days her work is just as varied. She went on a modelling tour of the Far East recently, and then followed it with a stint at an exhibition demonstrating computers – one of which went on the blink. But *Page Three* is her chief claim to fame, and it is winning her fans from many different walks of life. She is the official pin-up of the Royal Navy's *HMS Nottingham*, and a *Sun* photograph of her is equally cherished by the officers at Ranby Prison, where she hangs (under lock and key) in the prison officers' club. Perhaps if they write and ask us nicely, we'll send them one of ours, that is if they promise not to keep it to themselves. Sue Lee has a beauty we think everyone should be allowed to enjoy.

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

The phone rang in the Jones household on Christmas morning.

'Good morning, good morning, a happy Christmas to you,' said the ebullient Mr Jones as he answered the call.

'Mr Jones,' said a sepulchral voice. 'This is Dr Morgan. I'm afraid it isn't a good morning. I fear I have some bad news for you. Indeed I have both bad and worse news. Which would you prefer to hear first?'

'Well,' stuttered Mr Jones totally shaken. 'This is so unexpected. Tell me the bad news first.'

'The bad news,' intoned Dr Morgan, 'is that I have been studying the results of some tests you had, and I regret to say that you have only six months to live.'

'Six months!' shrieked the distraught Mr Jones. 'What could possibly be worse than that?'

'I have to confess, Mr Jones, I've only just discovered your file. It slipped down behind my desk last June.'

In a recent crackdown on Social Service abusers, the DHSS received a report from an over-zealous official that an unmarried couple were regularly using a condom with a two-inch end-piece. After due consideration he decided to take *him* to court for failing to obtain planning permission to extend his property, and take *her* to court for not reporting a supplementary benefit.

We have just heard some painful news of a novice surgeon, performing his first circumcision. He missed, and got the sack.

It was a stormy Christmas night, and inside the tiny cottage on the Yorkshire moors, an elderly couple sat around a roaring fire. Suddenly there was a knock on the door. The old man answered it, and found a very bedraggled man, exhausted and shivering.

'Thank God you're in,' said the stranger. 'I've been walking for hours. I'm lost, and the snow is so deep. Can I rest here for a while?'

'Why certainly,' replied the old man. 'Come and sit by the fire.' The stranger gratefully accepted the invitation.

As he walked in to the lounge, he saw the old lady, and beside her an attractive 19-year-old blonde.

'I'm Walter, by the way,' said the old man. 'This is my wife Mary and my daughter Ida who's come to stay for Christmas.'

After a glass of whisky, the old man said, 'Well it's getting late, and I suggest we all retire. I'm afraid that all the beds are taken, but you're welcome to sleep on the sofa.' The young man said 'thank you' and lay down.

About an hour later, Walter was lying in bed, and turned to his wife, and said, 'It's very cold tonight. I'll see if that young man would like a blanket.'

So he went into the lounge, and asked, 'Would you like a blanket, young man?'

'Oh no, Walter, I'm fine.'

'Well what about a hot water bottle?'

'No, no, there's really no need,' he replied.

'Alright, then, how about having our eiderdown?'

'My God, you certainly know how to look after strangers,' he gasped. 'She's been down twice already.'

When a man is in his twenties, he enjoys playing football. In his thirties, being less energetic, he turns to snooker. Then afraid of getting too fat, in his forties he takes up golf. All of which proves that as a man grows older, his balls get smaller.

An 84-year-old man was meeting an 18-year-old girl, and decided that a visit to the doctor might be in order.

'Hello, doc,' he said. 'Look I've had a real stroke of luck, and arranged a date with this 18-year-old girl, but frankly, I'm not sure I'm up to it. Is there something you can give me to improve my sex drive?'

'Yes, of course,' said the doctor. 'Take these pills, and tell me how you get on.'

The day after his date the old man was back in the doctor's office.

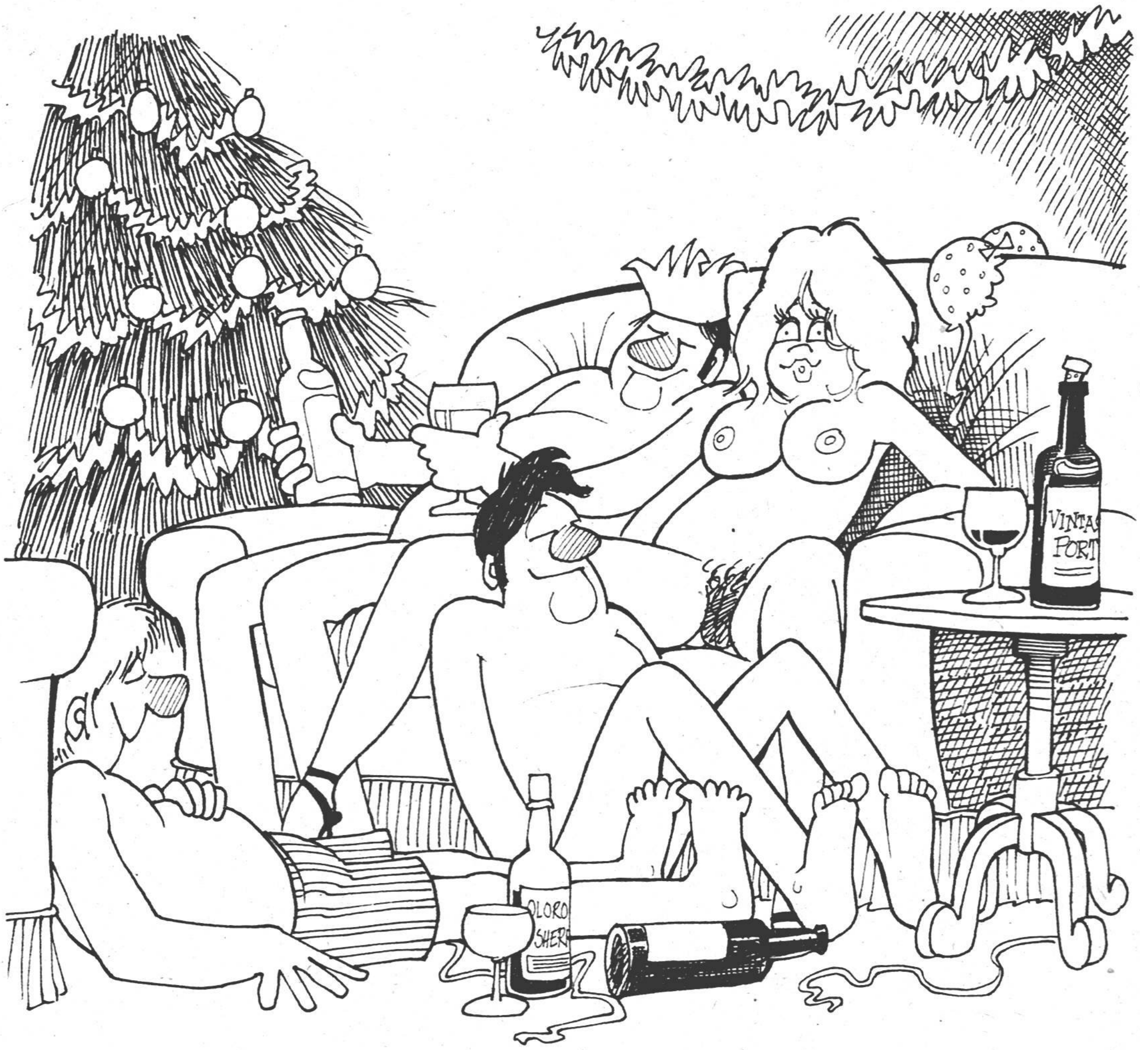
'Hello, doc,' he said. 'Remember those sex drive tablets you gave me? Do you think I could have some painkillers?'

'Certainly,' replied the doctor. 'I know, don't tell me, they are for your back. I told you those pills would work.'

'Oh the pills were excellent,' said the old man, 'but the painkillers are for my wrist. She didn't turn up.'

One Christmas a Catholic named Alice,
Peed in the Bishop's new chalice.
But that worthy agreed
It was done out of need,
And not out of Protestant malice.

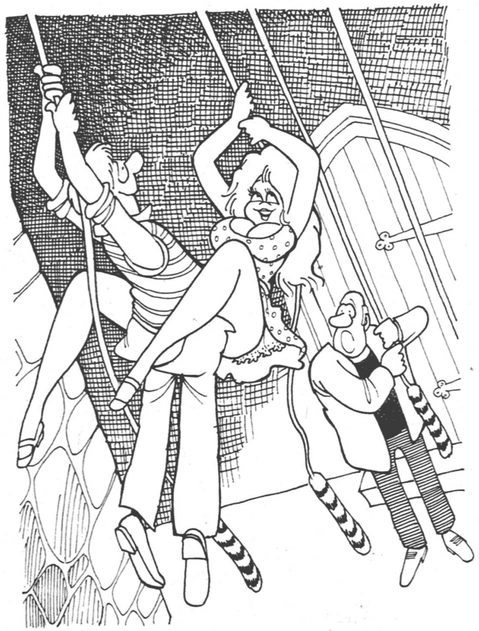
Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected, and £10 will be paid for each limerick. We no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final.


VINTA
PORT
OLORO
SHERR

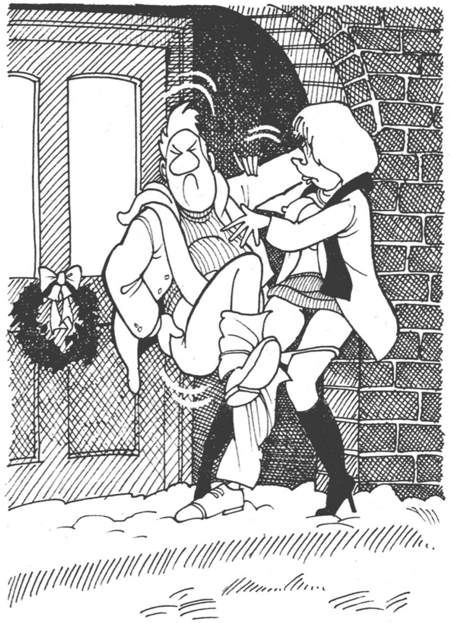
GOD REST YOU MERRY GENTLEMEN

OH CAROL!

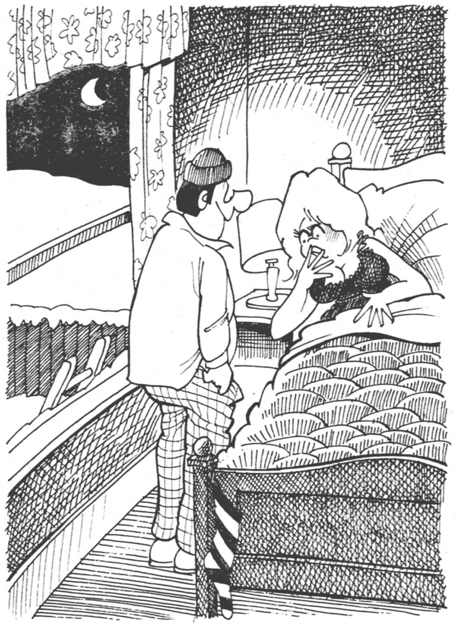
Everyone enjoys singing carols at
Christmas, even cartoonist Anthony, but he has a very
different interpretation of their titles



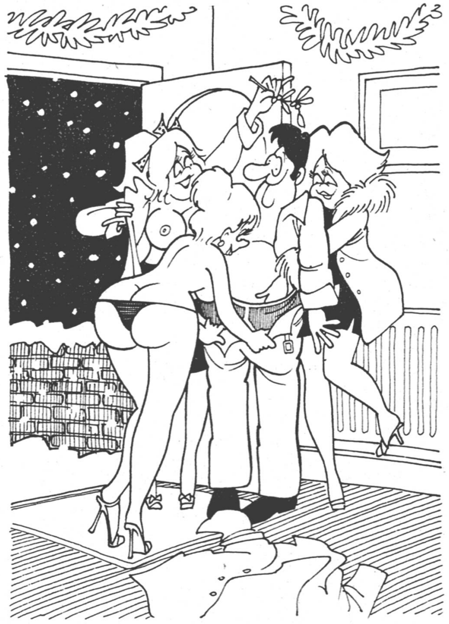
DING-DONG MERRILY ON HIGH



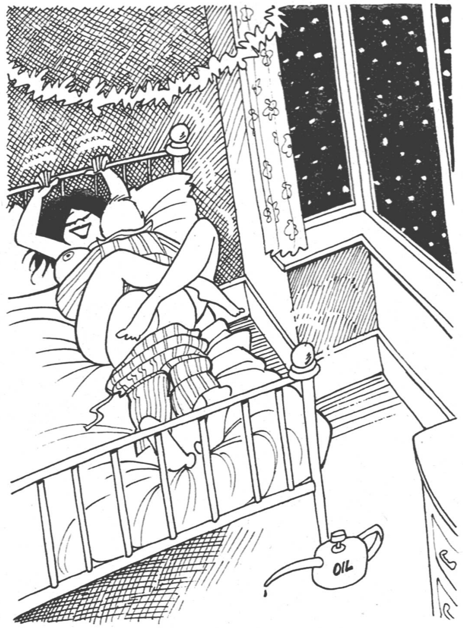
THE HOLLY AND THE IVY



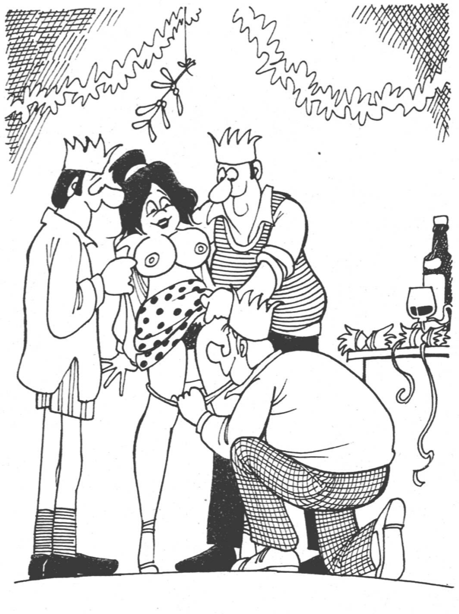
IT CAME UPON A MIDNIGHT CLEAR



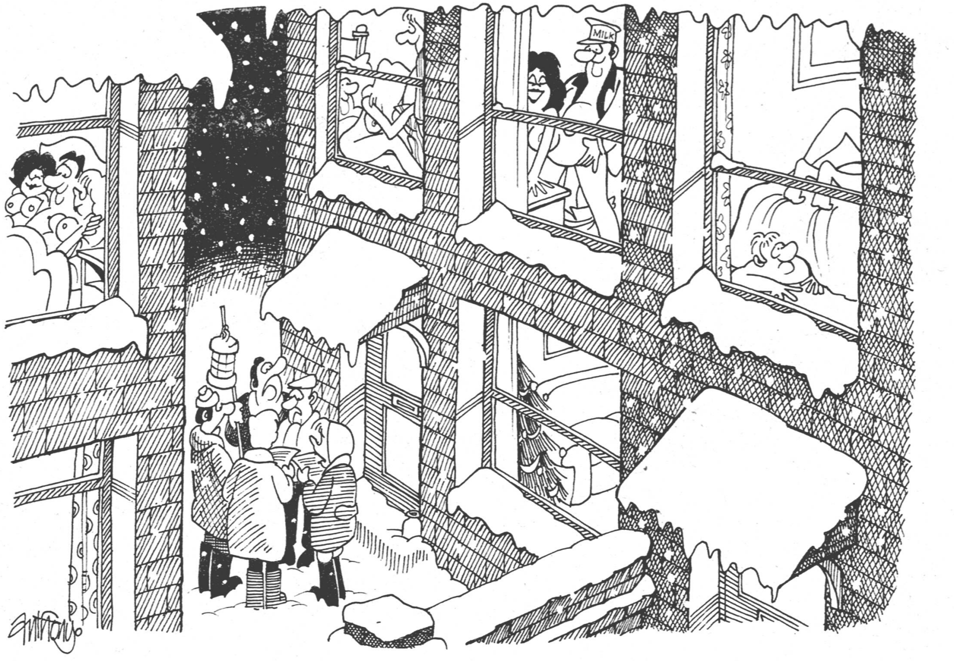
WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS



SILENT NIGHT



WE THREE KINGS . . .



O COME ALL YE FAITHFUL

QUEST

The laboratory of human response

Volume Seventeen

Absence might make the heart grow fonder, but the prospect of it can also sharpen desire. Quest talks to three people who found last minute 'flings' proved unexpectedly erotic.

INTERVIEWS

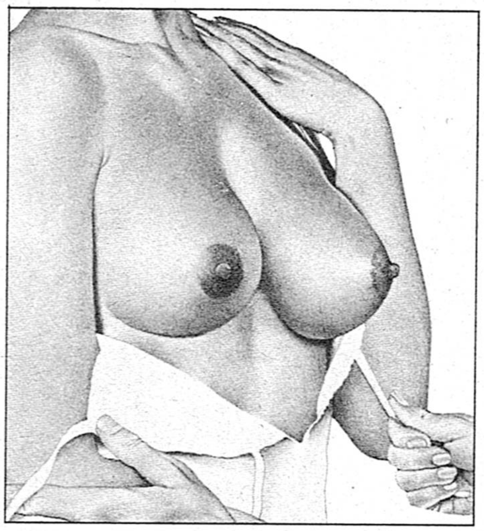
(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

INTERVIEW - 1

PERSONAL ASSISTANT, blonde, 25 years old, town of origin Glasgow

This interviewee attended secretarial college after leaving school, and has worked mainly in advertising and the media. She owns her own flat.

Quest: What do you look for in a man you'd like to have sex with?
PA: Availability! No, I'm only joking. You're talking about quickies, aren't you? Well, if I admit to them I'll sound like a proper tramp.
Quest: I just want you to be honest.
PA: I've gone out with so many different types of men I don't think I could analyse it. Anyone who's interesting and who fancies me, I suppose.
Quest: But you tend to give it a lot of thought?
PA: Yes. I've always got to know my boyfriends out of bed first – sometimes I didn't even know they were going to be boyfriends! I've had my share of surprises.
Quest: Unexpected flings?
PA: Oh yes. They can be the nicest. A couple of years ago I found myself going through this cycle of what I called 'Christmas flings'. I don't know why – I think it had something to do with getting very jolly and drunk, and everyone disappearing to far flung places for a couple of weeks. I'm a bit of a sucker for mistletoe.
Quest: What happened exactly?
PA: One was an old boyfriend back in Glasgow. That was quite naughty. He was about to get engaged, and we had a torrid couple of days and nights for old time's sake. Another was on a winter holiday. The worst was at work.
Quest: What happened there?
PA: It was with a guy called Paul. He was a copywriter at an agency I was at. He was about thirty, reasonable-looking, a bit quiet. I could never tell what he thought of me, and that niggled me.
Quest: Why? Did you fancy him?
PA: He was definitely a possible. There were half a dozen times when I got that look from him – you know, the one that says, 'My God, I'd like to get in *your* knickers!' But he never seemed to follow it up. I had the feeling he'd like to but something stopped him. I



knew he was getting divorced. I thought he just didn't want to get involved with anyone. The one time he did ask me out – just after I'd joined – I couldn't make it. And he never asked again. I'm a sucker for mysteries, as well as mistletoe!

Quest: What changed this situation?

PA: Christmas time. We were finishing early on Christmas Eve, and nothing was getting done. Clients and other agency people were dropping in – we were drinking steadily from ten o'clock. Then, about half-twelve, we all adjourned to this big Victorian pub next door which was the office local.

Quest: Including Paul?

PA: Yes. It was only a small agency – everyone was on first name terms. We were having a really good time. At one point we all linked arms, and were singing 'Auld lang Syne', because I'm Scots! Paul seemed as merry as everyone else. He normally wasn't as outgoing. Then someone produced some mistletoe, and everyone started kissing everyone else. I saw this busty temp, who I knew had been eyeing Paul for a fortnight, make a beeline for him, and give him this sizzling plonker, squashing her big boobs up against his chest, and that got to me.

Quest: You were jealous?

PA: I just resented someone who was *so* obvious getting away with it. The girl was really stupid, too. So while Paul was still reeling I took the mistletoe, slid up beside him, and tapped his arm for a kiss. He saw me, and smiled a bit crookedly, then bent down to kiss me. But I didn't make it a plonker. I made it nice and slow and easy, just touching his lips with my tongue. He opened his mouth at once, and our tongues touched. And suddenly it all went whoosh! I could feel it through his whole body. It wasn't just a cheeky kiss because we were both a bit too merry. It was like a dam bursting. I remember thinking. 'My God, what have I done to him?'

Quest: But you didn't mind?

PA: I don't get that kind of reaction so often I can afford to get blasé about it! It took my breath away. I wasn't just half sloshed or giggly any more. I was tingling all over. Then we sort of woke up and broke apart and realised everyone was gaping at us, and laughing because we'd been virtually snogging for ages. And I still couldn't just grin and laugh it off. I felt quite awful actually.

Quest: Why?

PA: Because I was turned on. I must have been quite red. I couldn't even look at Paul. Then one of the men said, 'Go on, Paul, whisk her away to the casbah!' Something silly like that. And to my surprise Paul just grabbed my hand, and led me away.

Quest: To where?

PA: I didn't know. He didn't say anything. He just pushed through the crowd, and I went with him. There was a big cheer from all the fellows. Everyone in the pub looked round. I remember the busty receptionist staring at us goggle-eyed. Then I realised we were heading for some stairs at the back of the saloon.

Quest: What was up there?

PA: There was a function room directly above which had tables and chairs. That was opened during busy times. But there were two or three smaller rooms in the same corridor. I assumed they were storerooms. I thought for a second Paul was taking me upstairs so we could be quiet in the function room. But as soon as we reached the corridor he went straight to the first small room, and tried the door. Then another, then a third. That one opened. It was small and dusty, filled with chairs and boxes and a big leather Victorian sofa. Paul still didn't say a word. He just pulled me inside.

> 'Paul knelt and kissed my cleavage, then down onto my tummy and lower as his hands slowly eased my pants down'

Quest: Go on.

PA: We just stood there. It was quite dim. There was only a dusty skylight, and Paul didn't touch the light switch. I didn't know whether to be frightened or annoyed or glad or what. So I started to say, 'What are we doing here – ?' when he just took me in his arms, and said, very softly, 'I want you.' That was all. It sounds so corny now, but it was mind-boggling then. And he kissed me. As gently at first as before, then the same feelings started again, my heart started thumping, and we were all over each other. My head was swimming – the pub just vanished. I could feel the lump in Paul's trousers pressing into my tummy. Then his hand came up onto my breast, and he began unbuttoning my blouse. And I suddenly realised it wasn't just petting he wanted, and that woke me up a bit.

Quest: Did you stop him?

PA: I didn't *want* to. I was just amazed somebody could be so overwhelmed by their feelings nothing else mattered. I said, 'We can't – not here – it's impossible –' But he didn't stop at all, just went on unbuttoning my blouse, pulling it out of my skirt.

Quest: And you let him?

PA: It was like having a spell cast over me. I know that sounds crazy. I looked into his face, and there was absolutely no doubt there. You've no idea how much of a turn-on that kind of certainty is. Then he said, 'It's alright. Nobody'll come in.' And I believed him!

Quest: Did you think you would have sex?

PA: It didn't matter what I thought. I'd never been in a situation like that before. I stood there practically mesmerised while he smoothed my skirt down and off. Then he reached round my back to unclip my bra. And I just watched the cups fall off my breasts, and this man I really hardly knew at all reached up his hands, and cupped and fondled them. Then he bent his head, and kissed my nipples, and began rolling and tweaking them between his lips. That was *gorgeous!* I practically swooned away. In fact my balance went for a second, and we stumbled back onto the old sofa. I ended up sitting, and Paul slipped down between my legs. He was still holding my breasts, but he began to kiss down my cleavage, onto my tummy, and then down.

Quest: Presumably you were still wearing pants?

PA: Yes, but only self-support stockings, thank goodness. No tights. I couldn't dare believe he'd actually go down on me just as I was. But then he reached the edge of my knickers, and brought his hands down, and took hold of the cotton, and smoothed it down an inch then two, and then his tongue was in my pubic hair. And then he was at the top of my crack – and it was happening. His tongue was lapping round and round, up and down my clitoris, teasing it out, sucking it. I can't describe the feeling except to say it was glorious. I was like putty in his hands, my whole body was singing, and I knew it was time.

Quest: To have intercourse?

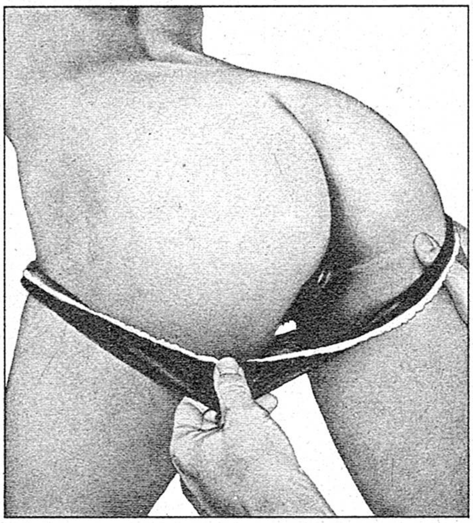
PA: Yes – now! This second. I lifted my bottom to help him pull my knickers out from under me. Then I snatched at his trouser belt while he unzipped himself. It was all so quick there wasn't even time to open his fly properly – his erection was just sticking out of the gap. He took hold of me under my thighs – I thought he was going to turn me so we could both lie on the sofa. But he kept lifting my legs higher and higher, then bending them back. And I realised that was how he wanted me – virtually squatting on the edge of the sofa with only my pussy facing him. My heart just started to boom then because that meant he'd go really deep. But he didn't give me time to feel apprehensive about it. Suddenly he was rising too, leaning over me, between my legs, reaching down – I felt something hard and warm nudge my pussy lips, and push to find me. I actually reached down and put my fingers round him to help. Then he found my hole, and he was slipping inside easily, I was so wet. And we started to hump straight away.

Quest: Did you climax?

PA: I was so close I couldn't believe the feelings when he moved. But then the edge of his zip reached my pussy lips, which was a slight distraction. We both reached down and ripped his trousers open – I heard the button hit the floor. And he came into me that last inch.

Quest: You weren't frightened of discovery?

PA: I wasn't frightened of anything at that moment! God knows what anyone thought who was passing. I'm fairly noisy once I'm going. I was gabbling things like, 'Darling, oh darling – push – oh – push! Oh darling, that's beautiful – beautiful – all the way up –



harder – harder! Now do it – do it – !'

Quest: And did he?

PA: Not, thank God, till I had! Then, just as I boiled over, he groaned and jerked into me really deeply four or five times while I locked my legs round his back, and held him. It was fabulous, absolutely incredible.

Quest: Was it repeated?

PA: Not then. As we both came back to our senses I could hear voices in the corridor outside, and I realised how horribly close we were to being found out. It was like snapping out of a kind of mad dream. I could tell Paul felt the same – he looked very sheepish, especially when he couldn't do his trousers up properly. I had to go downstairs to fetch his overcoat, and found the others had gone.

Quest: What about later?

PA: There was no later. He was working away after Christmas, and the next news I had he'd just got engaged to someone. By the time I saw him again there didn't seem any point in talking about what had happened. He didn't, so that was that. It really was a final fling.

Quest: No regrets?

PA: None that lasted. And I wouldn't have missed an experience like that for the world. I still have delicious fantasies about it.

Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 2

BANKER, 26 years old, town of origin Worcester

This male interviewee left school at eighteen, and now works in the exchange control department of a large international bank. He shares a mixed flat.

Quest: How successful are you with women?

Banker: Dreadful. Unbelievably appalling.

Quest: That seems a bit harsh. You don't appear to have any disgusting habits.

Banker: It's not what I do, it's what I don't do. I'm basically shy, and I don't function very well in normal social situations. I need to have a gun sticking in my ear to even think about picking up a girl. Almost all the girlfriends I've had have picked me up instead.

Quest: Does it matter who picks up who?

Banker: Yes. I'm not complaining about the girls I've known, but there are a lot more I'd like to have known. I know every man says that. But there are instances I still cringe over when it was so obvious a girl I fancied wanted me to say something, and I didn't.

Quest: But there were times when you did have that gun sticking in your ear, surely?

Banker: A couple, no more.

Quest: Tell me about them.

Banker: The first was when I was eighteen. It was so ironic in a way. If I hadn't acted so badly I'm sure I'd never have got away with what I did. I was on holiday with my parents in a small hotel in East Anglia. There was a girl my own age also staying with her parents – quiet, quite attractive, and she seemed very friendly to me. I knew I should follow it up. But I had dozens of bloody stupid excuses not to, even though I could see the girl looking more and more disappointed. In the end it built up and up until I had to do something or throw myself off the nearest cliff. Even then it was the last day of the holiday.

Quest: What happened?

Banker: My nerve failed at breakfast, which seemed the last straw. But later I went to get a paper at a kiosk along the front. And I ran into the girl buying a magazine. So there was no way I could avoid a conversation. And she was extremely friendly. I couldn't believe she hadn't noticed what a berk I'd been the whole fortnight. I ended up showing her a long way back to the hotel I'd found, round a golf course and some playing fields. I didn't plan what happened next. Everything just fell into place – at last. Halfway round the golf course the heavens opened, and we had to shelter in a dilapidated old pavilion.

> ❛I reached round, undid her bra, and revealed the most gorgeous breasts, firm like apples with large nipples❜

Quest: And?

Banker: We sat on a bench inside, and talked until it dawned on me that she wanted me to kiss her. I think I started out aiming at her cheek – just in case I'd got the signals wrong – and immediately we were into a big clinch. French-kissing, squirming against me, the lot. We came up grinning and breathless – I couldn't believe what had hit me. Then we kissed again – more slowly this time, and I gradually brought my hand up her ribs onto one breast, expecting her to push me away. Instead she put her hand over mine, and pulled me higher, until my fingers were cupping her, and I could feel a thick, hard nipple through her sweatshirt and her bra.

Quest: Go on.

Banker: I started to pull up her sweatshirt. I couldn't believe I was doing it – any second I expected her to say no, stop. But when I reached round to undo her bra, she stretched back to help me. And I was suddenly holding the sweetest, most gorgeous breasts I'd ever seen. They weren't large but they were beautifully shaped, very firm, like apples, with large nipples and big brown areolae, and so soft and warm. Then I tried to get her to lie down beside me on the bench, but she just wanted to kiss again then cuddle. And when I started to unzip her jeans she let me get the zipper halfway down, and my fingers in the top of her pants – I could just feel the first curls of her pubic hair – and she said it would be better if I only touched her outside her pants.

Quest: And you did?

Banker: Yes, I didn't want to push my luck. So we just went on cuddling until she realised how late it was getting. But as she was starting to do her bra up again she suddenly grinned and said I could kiss her there if I wanted – her breasts, I mean. So I held them again, and kissed each nipple. She was sighing and pushing my head down onto her, and the strain got too much, and I shot off in my pants – very embarrassing. I think we were both as inexperienced as each other. But if we hadn't been so desperate I'm convinced we'd never have got even that far. Desperation, you see, is my favourite aphrodisiac. It certainly was with Mary.

Quest: Who was this?

Banker: A girl I met skiing a couple of years ago. I went on a singles holiday to the Tyrol just after Christmas – it's cheaper then, and I got more time off because of the seasonal break. And I found myself sitting next to Mary on the plane out. She was a blonde with gorgeous legs, not much boob, but a stunning face – really attractive and not hard or stuck-up the way some pretty girls are, but very open and natural. Which only made things worse.

Quest: Why?

Banker: She was between me and another guy. We'd made a few remarks when I sat down, and after take-off I was racking my brains for a way to start a conversation when the other guy began chatting, and he and Mary got on so well I assumed they were travelling together. It was only as we landed I realised they weren't at all. Mary and I ended up at the same hotel, but with different groups, and I saw her at mealtimes and out on the slopes, and we nodded if we passed each other in the hotel corridors. But I never seemed to manage to get talking.

Quest: Was she aware of all this attention you were giving her?

Banker: I didn't think so at the time. She was very lively – she always seemed to be with a different bloke – most of them very smooth and handsome. I didn't think I stood a snowball's chance.

Quest: What changed things?

Banker: Mainly another girl I got friendly with – or rather she got friendly with me. A girl called Sally. She was pleasant enough – a bit pushy, but not in Mary's class at all, and I just didn't happen to fancy her.

Quest: But she fancied you?

Banker: She made it reasonably obvious she wouldn't object wildly if I invited myself back to her room, but I always managed to slide out of it. I still feel bad about that, but I couldn't see how I could screw anyone with any conviction just to be polite. I couldn't see her enjoying it very much either. I should have just said so, of course, but I find it virtually impossible to tell a girl I don't find her attractive. Then on our last evening we had a sort of grand gala farewell night with a disco in the hotel bar. I was with Sally on my group's table, and everyone was downing lager and schnapps as if it were going out of fashion. And the drunker Sally got, the more open she became. Finally she was whispering to me that she knew for a fact her room mate wouldn't be back all that night.

Quest: How did you react?

Banker: With desperation! I really didn't want to go to bed with her, no matter how drunk I got. But it was getting later and later – they were getting into the slow, smoochy numbers on the dance floor. Then I saw Mary. Actually I'd been seeing her all evening. She was with her group on the other side of the bar, though she didn't seem to be with anyone in particular. And then I knew if I didn't do anything now I never would.

Quest: A do-or-die attempt?

Banker: Yes. I'd never see her again after tomorrow, or any of the others, and I was just drunk enough not to care. So I told Sally I had to go to the loo. And on the the way back I passed Mary's table, leaned over her, and asked her to dance. There was one split second when I thought anything could have happened. Then she just smiled, said OK, and we were on the dance floor, just as another smoochy number started. I couldn't believe how easy it was. Suddenly we were talking as if we knew each other really well. I was telling her about Sally and avoiding her, which Mary seemed to find really funny. She told me not to be so unkind which wasn't what I wanted to hear. Then she asked why I didn't want to go to bed with Sally. And the answer popped out without my even thinking about it. I said, 'Because I want to go to bed with you.'

Quest: How did she react?

Banker: She blinked, then she laughed, 'Well, you took your time getting round to it.' Then the disco music stopped, and I didn't know whether Mary was saying yes to me or just making a comment. We started back toward the tables, and I got a glimpse of Sally looking daggers at me, so I said to Mary we could always have a drink in my room. She gave me a very old-fashioned look, but still smiling, and said, 'OK. Why not?' And up we went.

Quest: Go on.

Banker: When we got to my floor she said her room had a balcony, and was really comfortable, why didn't I bring the drink up there? I thought that was probably an excuse to ditch me. I got the drink anyway, and found Mary's room, but when I knocked there was no answer. Then I tried the door, and it was open. I went in, and the room was in darkness. For a second I thought she was on the balcony, then I saw a slip lying on the end of the bed, and a pair of tights. And I suddenly realised she was in bed.

Quest: Expecting you?

Banker: I didn't know. I could hardly see who it was. Then Mary said very clearly, 'Oh dear, you really do like dragging things out, don't you?' So I shut the door, undressed and climbed in beside her.

Quest: Presumably she was naked?

Banker: She was still wearing knickers. She told me she didn't want to make it that easy.

Quest: I trust you got them off this time?

Banker: Oh yes. We kissed and cuddled, and her breasts were quite small but with lovely long stiff nipples which pushed into my chest. While I was stroking I eased her knickers further and further down until she just kicked them off. Then I fingered her, and her pussy felt as wet as I was hard. I was pretty worked up by this time, and she just seemed to take her cue from me. As I moved on top of her she opened her legs, and reached down to guide me inside her. She was saying, 'Take it easy – gently now – don't push – don't push – *now* push –' She seemed worried that I'd get carried away. Then I was in her.

Quest: Were you carried away?

Banker: It was a supreme effort not to be. She felt so warm and tight. I started with slow, easy strokes, but I was so turned on I had to pump harder just to stop myself from bursting. I probably didn't manage five of six strokes before I came in her.

Quest: Was that all?

Banker: God no. I knew she hadn't come, and I'd really wanted to see her face – and figure – in the light. But then she brightened up. I got the feeling she'd let me have a quick burst straight off to make things a bit less frantic. And then she took over so that we could do the things she liked.

Quest: Which were?

> 'The room was dark, and I realised Mary was in bed so I undressed and climbed in. She was only wearing her pants'

Banker: She was crazy about having her clitoris sucked while I slipped one finger in and out of her pussy, and another along her anal crack. That seemed to drive her wild. She was very bum-fixated. We had intercourse about six times altogether – though I only managed to come three times – and four of those I screwed her from behind. One was even over the balcony rail – though we had to wrap up to do it! She even got me to smack her bottom a few times before our last screw – just before I thrust into her. It didn't do much for me, but she seemed to love it. I literally crawled out the room just before dawn, absolutely drained. She was an extraordinary lady.

Quest: Did you see her again?

Banker: Briefly on the plane, but we weren't sitting together. And at Gatwick a boyfriend met her so I put it down to experience.

Quest: I don't think any of us would mind a last fling like that. You're really not doing badly at all.

Banker: Thank you very much.

INTERVIEW - 3

HAIRDRESSER, blonde, 24 years old, town of origin Hornchurch

This interviewee worked in several salons while training, and is now self-employed. She shares a flat with another girl.

Quest: Do you find you're more open to sexual advances in certain situations?

Hairdresser: I think my mood is the most important thing. If I'm having a really good time, that's best. Or if I feel very emotional for some reason, like when you're leaving somewhere or saying goodbye to someone. I've got very friendly with people I hardly fancy at all in situations like that!

Quest: A kind of last fling?

Hairdresser: They might look on it that way.

Quest: Can you give an example?

Hairdresser: The first was when some old family friends came over from Australia, and stayed with us. Before they emigrated I used to play with their little boy, whose name was Adam. We were only about ten or eleven then, but when they came back he was eighteen. He'd turned into a right dirty sod.

Quest: In what way?

Hairdresser: Always trying to touch me up when the parents weren't looking. Or getting me to touch his whatsit. It was a shame really.

Quest: Why?

Hairdresser: Because he wasn't bad-looking, and I *was* desperately keen to find out about sex, but I couldn't trust him. So I let him kiss me a couple of times, than I acted as if I didn't want to know.

Quest: Did your attitude change?

Hairdresser: Not until the last day when we were seeing them off at the airport. It was all a bit emotional, and Adam really looked upset that he was leaving. I started thinking I'd been too hard on him. So when there was a delay on the flight, we went off for a couple of minutes to say goodbye.

Quest: What happened?

Hairdresser: We ended up in some kind of chapel place. Very quiet. There was no one around. We sat at the back, and started snogging. Properly, not just a kiss.

Quest: That was all?

Hairdresser: He put his hand on my boob, and I let him. Then he reached under my skirt, and pushed his fingers down the back of my knickers. I ended up virtually sitting on his hand, with his fingers over the front of my fanny. He went on stroking me, and I must have wriggled because he got one finger just inside my knickers, but it was enough to touch my slit, and move a bit. I'm sure he didn't know what he was doing – I don't think he found my clit at all. But the way he rubbed me – and the fact that it was a boy inside my pants for the very first time – my head was doing whirligigs. I was very wet too, and that meant he could push his finger even further into me. And just as I got a twinge of panic someone came in, and we shot up like frightened rabbits. It was just as well. Adam only just made it back to the plane in time. All the same I wouldn't have fancied losing my cherry to a fellow like Adam. On the other hand he wasn't as bad as Cheryl.

Quest: Who's Cheryl?

Hairdresser: She was a woman I worked for about four years ago now. She owned a salon with her husband – Sebastian. He was a right drip, very limp-wristed, but I thought he was probably alright because he was married, and so many guys in hairdressing put on a gay act because it reassures the women customers. Shows how wrong you can be!

Quest: You're saying this Sebastian was

gay?

Hairdresser: I'm saying Cheryl was! Or bisexual.

Quest: She made advances to you?

Hairdresser: She tried it on when I had my leaving celebration. I suppose that was *her* last fling. Luckily my little chum Denis got me out of that – he was another cutter. He was *my* last fling!

Quest: You seem to be implying you were responding to Cheryl's advances?

Hairdresser: You're going to make me sound like some raging lezzy. It's funny, though, because some of my closest relationships have been with girlfriends – not physical relationships, but emotional ones. You can tell a really close girlfriend anything, but even when you've got a fantastic relationship with a guy there are things you'll never be able to say to him. And I have thought – usually when I was going with blokes who didn't know what they were doing – that if you slept with a girl, then at least you wouldn't have to explain how you like to be touched or where. But I was never tempted to find out.

Quest: Tell me about Cheryl.

Hairdresser: She was about thirty two, very attractive – the sort of gypsy type. All dark curly hair, and lots of bangles – she loved all that. Very forceful, too. She could charm your socks off if she wanted, but if anyone got out of line – fireworks! She was alright to me, though, because I was her favourite.

Quest: Did you know she was a lesbian?

Hairdresser: I thought she was very sexy, actually – she was always touching people. I had the feeling she was game for anything. If someone had told me she and Seb were wife-swappers, for instance, I wouldn't have been surprised. Especially after all their lingerie deals.

Quest: What were they?

Hairdresser: Oh, Sebastian had a cousin in the lingerie business. It was Janet Reger type of stuff – not as good, but quite sexy: all black silk bras and suspender belts. They used to sell it to the customers. It was a bit of a joke in the salon, but they sold quite a lot. Whenever there were new samples in Cheryl used to ask the girls to stay behind and model them so Sebastian could make up his mind what to order.

Quest: And did they?

Hairdresser: About three of us. To be frank, it was only the girls with half decent figures. But there was no compulsion about it. And once a month or so Cheryl let us keep a couple of pieces we really liked.

Quest: How was it organised?

Hairdresser: After work, in the staff rest room. We'd try on four or five different outfits, and prance about a bit.

Quest: In front of Sebastian?

Hairdresser: Yes. We weren't *changing* in front of him! We did that in the storeroom behind – with Cheryl giving us a hand. To be honest, I thought we were giving Sebastian a cheap thrill. It never occurred to me it was probably all for Cheryl's benefit.

Quest: When did Cheryl make her feelings known?

Hairdresser: I always knew she liked me. I didn't know how much until my last day. For some reason it was really slack. We were going to open a couple of bottles in the salon after closing time, then go down the wine bar, but because it was so quiet Cheryl opened the bottles just after three. By the time we got to the wine bar we were all well away. I started off chatting with Denis. He was really my best friend there. I was sure he fancied me but because we'd both been going out seriously with other people, we'd become mates instead of getting off with each other. Then all of a sudden Cheryl took me over. I could tell she was a bit drunk. She monopolised me, saying I could come back whenever I wanted if working for myself didn't work out, how I could even have their customers if they ever got too busy. I knew a lot of it was just the booze, but I did appreciate her trying to be so kind. Then she said I could still have the lingerie cheap if I wanted it. And that's when she told me they'd had a new batch in the previous night, and I could take my pick now if I wanted.

> ‘It was a wonderful way to say goodbye. We cuddled and stroked, then Denis was on top of me, and it happened’

Quest: And you accepted this offer?

Hairdresser: I'd drunk more than I should, it was late, and the salon was on my way home. And I didn't want to upset Cheryl. So I went.

Quest: Just the two of you?

Hairdresser: Sebastian had already pushed off, and I couldn't see Denis. We were there in two minutes. We went into the rest room, and Cheryl found us some gin. Then she produced this new lingerie.

Quest: What was it like?

Hairdresser: I was quite far gone, but it seemed a bit over the top to me.

Quest: In what way?

Hairdresser: It was a bra and panties set with a little baby doll top, in black, very sheer crepe de chine. Little light-coloured diamond patches over the top of the boobs so you could see half a nipple. That wasn't so bad. But the panties had a fly in the front!

Quest: They were open crotch?

Hairdresser: Virtually. They covered you, but you couldn't walk about in them without showing everything. Seb's stuff wasn't that obvious usually.

Quest: But you still tried them on?

Hairdresser: I'd said I would. We were both fooling about, and acting a bit silly. I ended up lying out on an old couch they kept in the corner. Then Cheryl got out something, and asked me if I'd ever used one.

Quest: What was it?

Hairdresser: It was a vibrator. I'd never seen the thing before. But she sat down beside me, and said it was her ‘little helper’ – it helped her out when Sebastian wasn't up to his marital duties, which I gathered was fairly often. Then she said I ought to try it. I told her I wouldn't know how. She said it didn't matter, she'd show me.

Quest: She demonstrated?

Hairdresser: She turned the thing on – it was very loud. Then she touched it against the bottom of my tummy.

Quest: You didn't object?

Hairdresser: Not then. Then she started moving it down and round, onto the top of my thigh. It felt weird – almost tickly. I just wanted to laugh. Cheryl was grinning too. Then, without any warning, she brought it down across my mound, right over the top of my pussy. It was like having cold water flung in my face. Part of it was sheer surprise at her touching me in that spot. But what stunned me was suddenly realising I was really turned on. I couldn't understand why Cheryl hadn't noticed my reaction. She just kept smiling at me, and asking if it was nice. Which it was! But it felt completely wrong, too, and the feeling grew until I said, ‘Cheryl, I don't think we should be doing this.’ She just laughed. ‘What's the harm in feeling nice?’ she said. And that was when I knew I'd let things go too far. I said, ‘Cheryl – that's enough.’ She didn't take a blind bit of notice. She began moving the vibrator round. And that's when my hero appeared.

Quest: Who was?

Hairdresser: Denis, of course. He just walked in and stood there open-mouthed. God knows what we looked like! Then Cheryl swore, sprang up and flew out. I burst into tears. I didn't *feel* tearful – it was just reaction. Denis came over and held me really tight. He was going, ‘That bitch, the bloody bitch’ – really angry, which was so nice in a way. And gradually he wasn't just holding me, he was wiping my tears away, and stroking me, and all of a sudden we were kissing.

Quest: You had sex?

Hairdresser: I suppose all the feelings Cheryl had aroused came to a head, and I did fancy Denis. We did it on the carpet. That sounds so sordid, but it was really loving and tender. We just undressed, and cuddled and stroked each other. Then Denis got on top of me, and it happened. It was all so smooth, he hardly needed to hump me at all. It was a lovely way to say goodbye to the job.

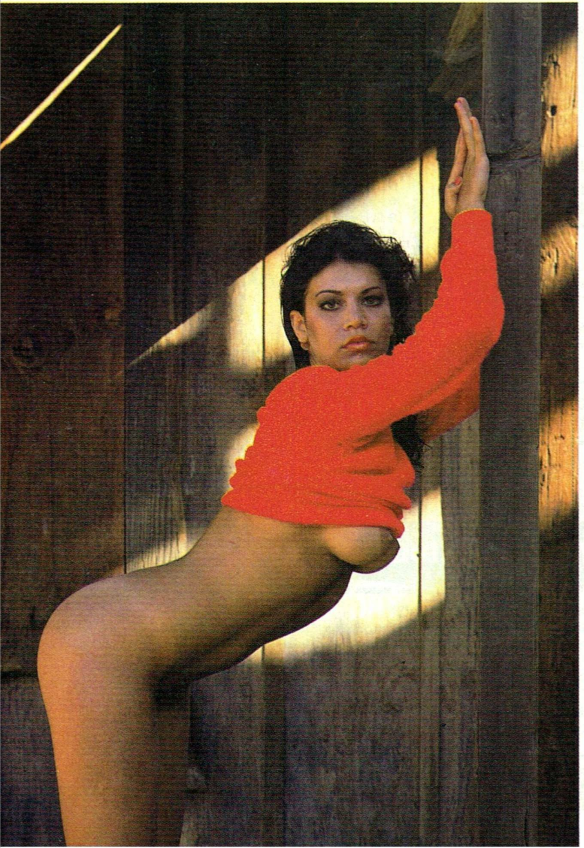
Quest: And to Denis?

Hairdresser: We're still friends, actually. That was only a one-off. My boyfriend keeps me on the straight and narrow during tearful farewells these days!

Quest: Thank you.

Janet

Pantomimes are traditionally for children, but one this year will also contain a treat for adults. The treat will be seeing 19-year-old Janet Jacobi in a skimpy costume dancing in the chorus. Janet won't tell us which show it is, except that it is in a northern town, and stars a popular family comedian. 'I think he'd be upset if the audience was staring at me rather than listening to his gags,' said Janet. 'All I can say is, gentlemen, if you are going to the panto look closely at the dancers . . . one might just be me.' Some amongst you might say that her 37-23-34 figure is rather hard to miss . . .



Janet has been dancing professionally for two years now, and this will be her second panto. Last year she was a 'villager' in *Jack and the Beanstalk*. 'It ran for nearly three months,' she said, 'and by the end there were so many practical jokes . . . Hardly a performance went by without one of the girls losing her knickers in the can-can routine, courtesy of the Phantom Elastic Snipper.' This summer Janet spent a month in America, where we photographed her. 'I was hoping to do one of the Las Vegas shows, and wound up in a small bar being heckled by truck drivers.' By the end, she was dying to get home to her parents in Northampton. 'The *Mayfair* session was the best thing that happened to me out there.' She came back in time to replace a girl who'd broken her ankle dancing in a summer show on the south coast. 'It's ironic. In the theatre we always say "Break a leg!" rather than "Good Luck" but many dancers do.' Janet's ambition is combining dancing and comedy like the Benny Hill girls. 'I like a laugh!' she says.

Hamilton, Ontario is the home of the Canadian Warplane Heritage, a living museum that believes its exhibits shouldn't just look good but fly well too. With over 40 planes in working order, it's a fine tribute to the airmen of World War Two

ONTARIO-NAUTICS

Photographed by Andrew Morland and Warplane Heritage

Museums are sometimes sad places – the final home for machines that no longer work. But one, at least, does not believe in letting its exhibits die a slow death, imprisoned inside a glass case. Instead the Canadian Warplane Heritage in Hamilton, Ontario, is a living museum. Its planes are not only beautifully restored, but actually fly – a far better fate for some of the great heroes of the Second World War.

The Canadian Warplane Heritage was founded as a non-profitmaking charitable organisation in 1973. Its aims were simple; to preserve in flying condition a complete set of the military aircraft flown by Canadians and their military services in World War Two; to provide adequate protection for them in tribute to the men and women who flew them, and to promote good fellowship amongst members and respect for these old planes amongst Canadians everywhere. These pictures are ample evidence of their success.

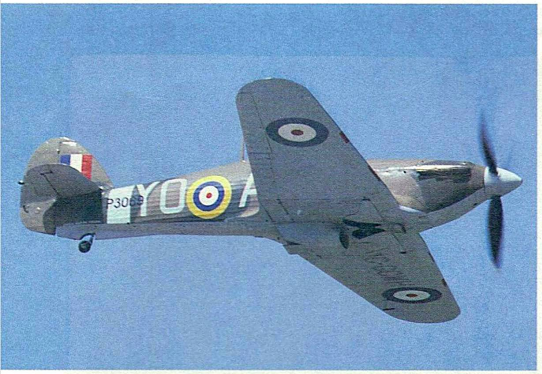
CWH now has over 40 aircraft, and

20213
3
RCAF 213
2
RCAF 242
RCAF 341

Right: Three North American Harvards in formation. The Harvard was popular as a trainer, one remaining with the RCAF until 1966. Above: The Beechcraft Expeditor, built in 1937 as a small feeder plane for airlines, then saw military service until its retirement in 1972. Centre left: One of the Harvards on the ground. Centre right and top left: A Chance Voight Corsair seen over the sea and on land, wings folded. The inverted gull wing design made it ideal for aircraft carrier use. Top right: A Grumman Avenger, a naval fighter introduced in 1941.

hundreds of historical artefacts connected with aviation. They are housed at Hamilton Civic Airport, Mount Hope. First used for air training, Hamilton served as a Royal Canadian Air Force Air Station from 1940 to 1962. In addition to this, in Vancouver, CWH's Western Canada Division boasts additional space, and now the Friends of the CWH has been founded in Buffalo, New York.

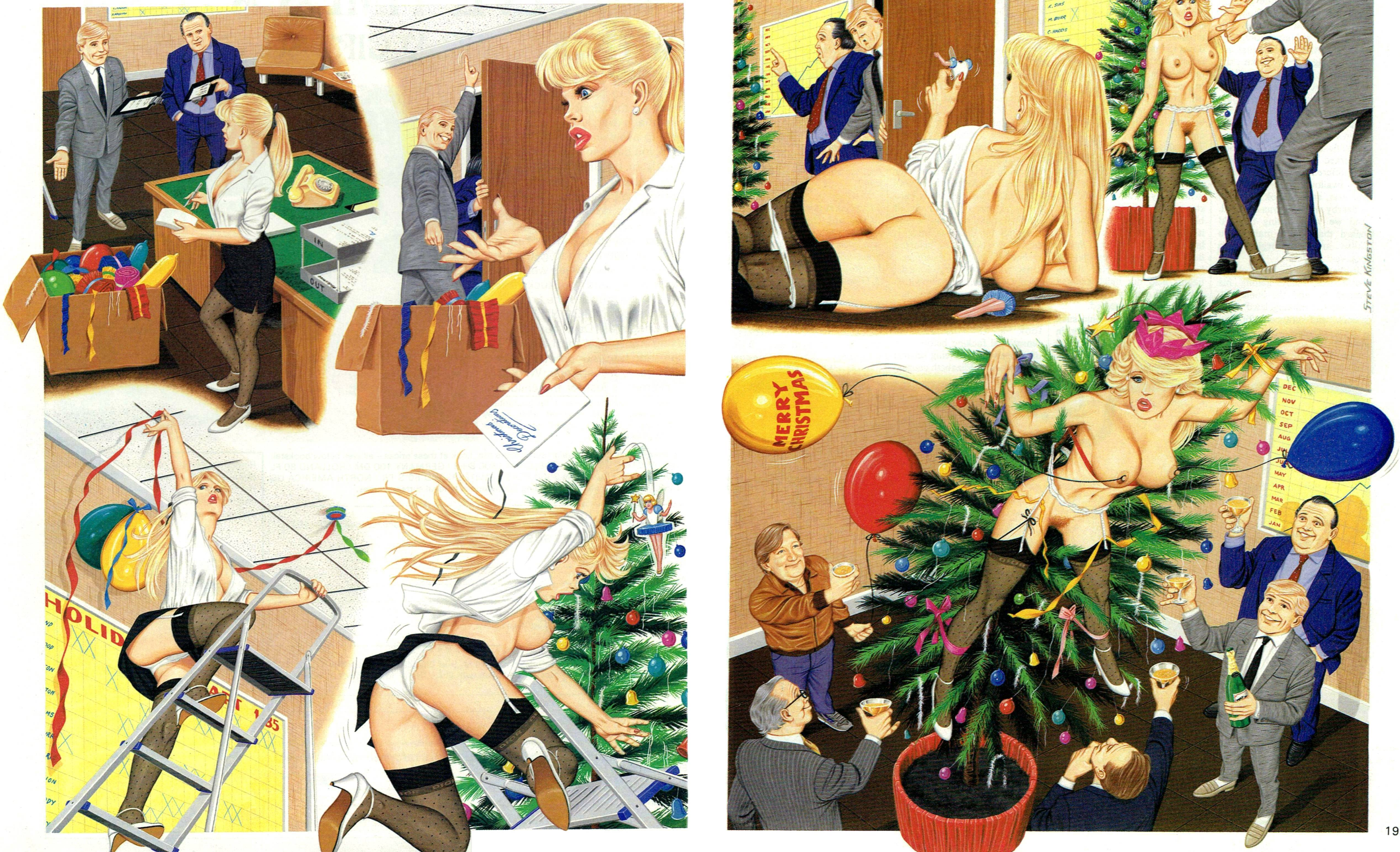
The planes in its collection are familiar names to aviation buffs the world over: Avro Anson, Hawker Hurricane, the Corsair, P-51 and Harvards – all as ready to take off as they were in the 1940s. Open days are common, when the public are invited to see the planes in the air, and if they are very lucky, like our photographer Andrew Morland, one of the pilots will take you up. It was Don Prendergast who gave Andrew the opportunity for these splendid air-to-air shots. And gave *us* the chance to see some of Hamilton's finest flying exhibits at their very best.



Left: The North American B-25 Mitchell bomber was one of the most widely used and versatile of WW2. The particular model, however, was built in 1945. Top left and picture below it: Canadian Warplane Heritage's Hawker Hurricane II. Centre picture: A Douglas DC-3 Dakota. Although well known as a civilian aircraft, the DC-3 also had a distinguished war record. From 1935, 13,000 were built, and used as transport aircraft. Over 3,500 are still in civil and military service. Above and top centre: The North American P-51 Mustang was one of the famous fighters of the Second World War. First conceived in 1940 it continued to be used right up to Korea. This one is painted in the colours of the 'Hamilton Tigers' (No 424 RCAF Auxilliary Squadron) based at Mount Hope from 1946 to 1964. Top right: Known as the 'flying greenhouse' because of the large number of windows in the fuselage, the Avro Anson was used for general reconnaissance work throughout WW2. It was the first monoplane to serve with the RAF, 11,000 being built.

CARRIE

Carrie gets needled but ends up at the top of the tree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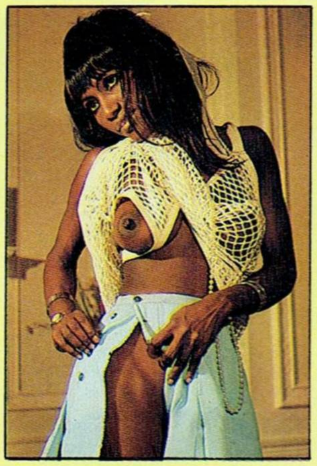

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M2012

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BB – Red
CC – Black
DD – White

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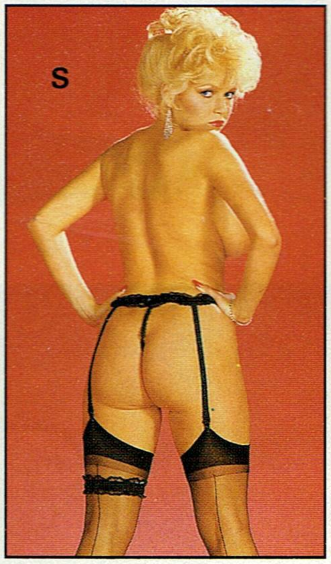

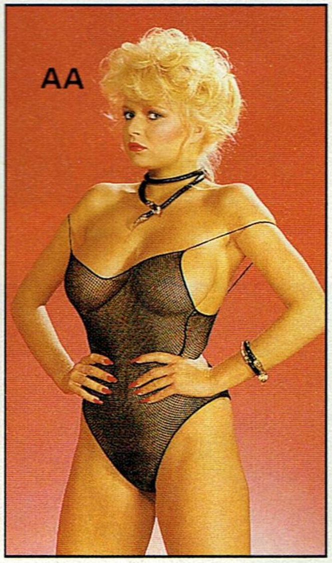

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2 10 17 24 31
3 11 18 25
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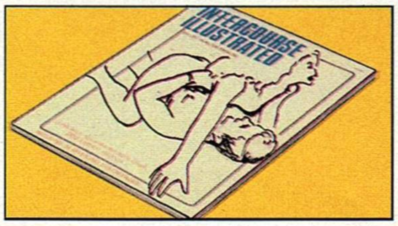

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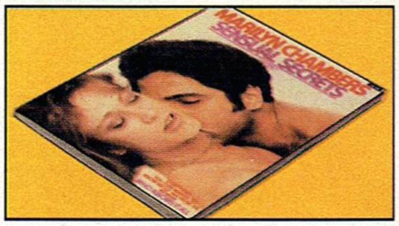

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